

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE,

AND

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Biographical Sketches of British Characters recently deceased: commencing with the Accession of George IV.: comprising 230 Subjects, chronologically arranged from [according to] the periods of their deaths: with a List of their Engraved Portraits.* By William Miller. 4to. 2 vols. Colburn; Colnaghi and Son; Molteno. London, 1826.

As this is a work of prodigious expense, it is probable that only a very few copies will pass into the hands of the public; for who (besides the trouble of procuring private plates) can afford to purchase all the portraits of two hundred and thirty persons, amounting in number to perhaps fifteen hundred or two thousand engravings, in order to illustrate, *à la Granger*, these two quarto volumes, which are, besides, but the commencement of Mr. Miller's huge design! At first intended for private circulation, the author has, however, taken the advice of friends, and published; and his plan and purpose are thus declared:—

" My motive is not to eulogise the dead, by giving a false varnish to glaring defects: it appears to me more useful to society to draw *Nature as she is*; to display the defects as well as the beauties; and to shew, not by imaginary surmises, but by palpable and undisguised acts, what a mixture of inconsistencies MANKIND is: and if in this chronological series of recently-living characters there should be found some few in elevated life, whose glaring vices I have ventured to paint in the honest colouring of indignant truth, let no ungenerous motive be attributed. The instances are not numerous; they, thank God! seldom occur in this country: but whenever decency, decorum, and public opinion is thus, in broad day, set at defiance, the posthumous character of the bold perpetrators cannot be too openly exposed to the scorn, contempt, and ignominy of the rising generation."

This is indeed a bold enterprise, and we shall shortly see how our Juvenal (in prose) has executed it: in the first place venturing to offer some prefatory remarks.

Referring to the title-page, and to the fore-going quotation in a note, our readers will perceive that Mr. Miller is partial to the word "Subjects:" two hundred and thirty subjects are presented to us; and he anticipates a constant supply of subjects. Had Mr. Miller been a sovereign, or even a surgeon, we should have

thought nothing of this phrase; but having been a highly respectable bookseller and publisher, to whom, therefore, it could not be so very familiar, we were led to reflect why he had so pointedly used it. But we could not find it out till we had perused some of these characters, and then we discovered the secret "with a murrau to 't." Medical anatomy never cut up dead subjects with a keener knife than our moral Sir Astley Cooper has cut up the remains of these unhappy persons, who have died, in bad time for themselves, since the accession of George the Fourth,—whom Heaven preserve to us for a thousand years! Scalpel and saw, forceps and pincers, hook and axe, could not tear the flesh nor crush the bone more effectually than his dissections have lacerated the reputation, and pounded the memory. We never entertained any very feverish fondness for dying; but now, with the prospect before us (should our phiz unfortunately be engraved or caricatured) of being preserved in the museum of Mr. Miller, our abhorrence of mortality is wonderfully augmented, and we cordially hope that we shall be spared, at least for a week or ten days longer than his life lasts:—"we would not trust our biography with him were he dead only twenty-four or eight and forty hours before us; no, he must be thoroughly deceased, cold, and buried, before we could depart in peace.

To exhibit and shew why this dread has come over us, and why we would compass the death of the said Miller, "ere ourselves were turned to clay," be it our present business to let the world know how he has anatomized, rebuilt into skeletons, or stuffed (as naturalists do birds, beasts, and insects,) the last sad relics of a bishop, a player, a poet, a painter, a peer, a peeress, a doctor, a musician, a banker, a lawyer, a general: —the preparations in Surgeon's Hall, are nothing to these.

The Bishop, preserved in the Milleriana, is the late William Lord Mansel of Bristol, who was born in 1751, and died June 27th, 1820; was painted by Kirkby, and mezzotinted by Say: thereby coming within the prescribed period and definition. Of him the biographical-collector says:

" The author of these 'Scraps' never could learn that Dr. Mansel, bishop of Bristol, possessed any of those superior qualifications—natural or acquired—which entitled him to that elevated station in the church he enjoyed. Pitt gave him the mastership of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Percival made him a bishop: the friendship of ministers was the cradle of his fortune."

The Player is dismissed still more briefly and epigrammatically.

" Alexander Rae, born 1782, died Sept. 8, 1820, was a comedian of no very high reputation in his profession, but who, coming within our arrangement, is entitled to a page in these

\* He says, in his introduction—" These two volumes comprise the first six years of the reign of George the Fourth: what kind of reception they will meet with from the public is a very natural question, which, in common with every author, I have often put to myself. My anxiety will soon be relieved: if this work be found deserving the critic's notice, I shall not neglect the advantages to be derived from the judicious observations, or by them in my progress through the third volume: for it may happen to state, that it is my present intention to continue this work for longer as health is granted me. I am under no apprehension of the want of matter: the accidents of life,—the vicious passions of man,—and the inevitable progress of Nature's decay,—affording a certain and constant supply of subjects."

\* What an atrocious aggravation of calamity it would be, for instance, if, in addition to the fearful portrait of him prefixed to the lost *Lady's Magazine*, Mr. Samuel Rogers had to fancy that this engraving might suggest him to notice from Mr. Miller.

" Scraps: he performed second-rate characters moderately, and first-rate characters abominably."

The Poet\* whom we select is William Hayley, born 1741, died Nov. 12, 1820.

" This gentleman, (says our author,) who possessed a moderate independent fortune, was a writer in various departments of literature—poetry, biography, essays, dramas in rhyme, and epistles: but Hayley never stood high in the republic of letters. He was, however, vain of his acquirements, and considered himself entitled to a niche in the Temple of Fame, which he laboured hard to obtain; but in his progress could never advance more than a few paces up Mount Parnassus—the steps of the vestibule he never touched—he recollects at every attempt to ascend. The 'Triumph of Temper' is one of Hayley's earliest productions, and the most popular; it is to be found in all young ladies' bijouterie bookcases. A modern writer, in his 'Recollections,' asks; 'What was the mental vigour of the age that could give popularity to this poem?' A most just question: it is puny in incident, and the poetry is deficient in vigour and spirit. Hayley was constantly courting correspondence with eminent characters: thus his acquaintance with Cowper arose, which was a fortunate incident in his life—it gratified his vanity—it fed his avarice for literary fame—and in the end was a lucrative connexion. His Life of that Poet (which should have been edited by Cowper's relation, Dr. Johnson, who

\* Lord Byron, however, is also gibeted:—" Lord Byron was a mixture of all that was transcendentally great, and all that was impiously bad in human nature: the vast powers of his mind were counteracted by the vicious and uncontrolled propensities of his ungovernable passions."

" Lord Byron married a lady of family, fortune, virtue, feeling and goodness; he treated her the world over with the greatest respect; but the notoriety of his sensual conduct and dissolute habits caused his society to be shunned by the great and good; he was looked at with dread—avoided with fear; and, after a brilliant, various, and feverish existence of only four years, public opinion, and public sight, so powerfully assailed him, that, in 1816, Lord Byron left his native country, and became a voluntary exile. He made every Italian city his temporary residence: his restless, tormented mind found no peace." " Lord Byron wrote entirely from impulse not from principle: the good or ill which his writings might do the world never weighed one moment in his thoughts: his aim was to display his talents, and obtain eclat; whether the moral world was benefited, or received a fatal stab, was with him no consideration: if the idea was suggested, that any particular subject was dangerous, and ought not to be handled, he would be the more determined to take it up. If the poetical writings of Lord Byron were to be critically analysed, it would be found that they contained more malignant and scurrilous lines than any other English poet—see *Notes being excepted*." Who does this cap fit?

" It has been frequently stated in print, that the author of this work, when in business, refused the publication of 'Childe Harold,' because it contained an offensive matto against the Earl of Elgin. This is only a slight part of the fact. When the original manuscript was placed by Lord Byron in Mr. Miller's hands, it contained several notes of a like nature to that against the Scotch earl; and at Lord B.'s request, Mr. M. took the liberty to point them out; but his lordship did not at that time choose to make any alteration: in consequence of which, the manuscript was returned to the noble author. When, a few months after, the poem was published by Mr. M., nearly all the objectionable notes were omitted. Had 'Childe Harold' created less public notice, this paragraph would not have been obtruded on the reader; but whatever relates to Lord Byron, or his productions, however trivial, creates a literary interest."

possessed most of the papers) produced a considerable profit; but whatever were his pecuniary gains, his reputation as an author received no accession. In reading this work, we impatiently wade through all that is Hayley's, and linger with delight and instruction on all that came from the pen of Cowper. Hayley was not a very moral or religious character: at least his religion was not of a public nature—he never went to church. I am acquainted with a gentleman, who for several years held the curacies of Earlswood and Woolston: he told me he had a poet in each parish.—Sergeant, the author of *The Mine*, and Hayley; one never was absent, the other never present at divine service. It is not generally known that Hayley published a novel, named *Cornelia Sedley*. In a letter addressed to the author of these pages, he acknowledged himself as having written it. He thought that his consequence as a literary character would suffer by a public declaration, but was surprised at its slow sale. Hayley had a poetical method of alleviating the excess of his grief on the death of a relation, friend, neighbour, or servant—he immediately retired to his library, and composed a sonnet, epitaph, or stanzas—sometimes all three; which were instantly despatched to the survivor. Vanity was his prevailing weakness. At the funeral of Alphonso, his favourite natural son, a sermon was preached, which the afflicted father had written just before: he did not attend the ceremony, but retired to his marine cell, and there found consolation in composing two sonnets: they are too long for insertion here; but the reader, if he be curious, may find them in the second volume (page 12) of Dr. Johnson's *Memoirs*. Hayley was twice married, but unfortunate in both alliances: his friend and editorial biographer, Dr. Johnson, makes but slight mention of the second union, which was far from a felicitous one. At this critical period of Hayley's life, the 'honest chronicler' suddenly breaks off with an unsatisfactory apology, and leaves us in the dark respecting the last eleven years of his existence. This is a weak omission; because had Johnson, as a faithful historian, declared what he knew, it would have thrown a curious light on Hayley's domestic habits and eccentricities: but Dr. Johnson has that defect, which in another place I have alluded to—he occasionally wants nerve to speak the TRUTH, when truth is essential to the full elucidation of character."

The Painter is John Cranch, who died at the age of seventy, in 1821, and whom we select chiefly as affording an opportunity for recording Mr. Miller's opinions of the Royal Academy.\*

\* In his sketch of Farrington, R.A. similar censures against this body are denounced. He was elected, it seems, in 1785, "when the arts in this country were in an infant state, and meritorious candidates not so numerous as at the present flourishing period. Moderate abilities had then a better chance of attaining the elevated rank of R.A.; though we now, in these enlightened days, when the pavement of London is thronged with talent, occasionally see *talent* step before *ability*, and mediocrities become one of the select *sety*: while merit, genius, and modesty, must linger longer in the secondary class, with the humble initials of A.R.A." But this failing in our nature is discoverable in all public bodies: the interest excited by friendship, party, pride, jealousy, will even have an occasional influence in the election of members.\*\*

And again, in a note to the life of George Dance, who M. M. mentions was "for some years nominal professor of architecture," but never executed the duties of the professorship, or gave a single lecture. It is stated—

"This does not appear to be an unusual case—it occurs in other institutions as well as in the Royal Academy; but is it proper, is it becoming for a man to accept an honourable public station, by which he undertakes certain essential duties, and after his election enjoys the rank for years, without fulfilling the obligation? The institution of the professorships could never have been intended as sinecure honours. Were they not originally formed to

"John Cranch was an artist, not much esteemed for his talents as a painter during his life, and therefore soon forgotten after his death. He used to send his pictures to the Royal Academy for annual exhibition, but they were invariably rejected. We are, of course, led to conclude that his works were unworthy to meet the public eye; but the academy have been less fastidious, or more liberal, of late years, and will occasionally permit *very wretched daubs* to fill the obscure spaces. Cranch painted portraits, history, and any subject that struck his fancy. He appears to have had an independent, but an irritable and troublesome mind. His *Death of Chatterton* was a unique picture, and attracted some notice. The late Sir James Lake patronised Cranch, and considered him worthy of better treatment than he received from the Academy or the public. This unfortunate artist was also a dabbler in literature—he was in the press two or three times; but not more successful with his pen than his pencil. Cranch lived and died at Bath."

The Peer is principally remarkable for the oddness of the style in which his attainment of the two great objects of his ambition is described.

"John, Lord Sheffield, born 1736, died May 30, 1822. John Baker Holroyd, a distinguished commoner, had two objects of high ambition, which he never relaxed his efforts to obtain, until both were accomplished—a *peerage* and an *heir*. The first he gained by making himself useful both in and out of parliament; and the latter, by a fortunate third marriage, with Lady Anne North, (not herself very young,) but who presented him a son when in his sixty-second year." "This nobleman's early friendship and long intimacy with Gibbon, gave him a secondary kind of celebrity. He was that historian's executor, and after Gibbon's death, published his posthumous works—rather a dull performance."

We may note here that the author seems partial to family anecdotes, for in the sketch of Dr. Rigby, he tells us one far excelling the indefatigable and successful exertions of my Lord Sheffield. After informing us that the doctor was an alderman, sheriff, and even mayor of Norwich, he adds—

"But the marked occurrence in this gentleman's life is, that after he was a *great-grandfather*, and in his *sixty-eighth year*, his second wife presented him with *four children at one birth*. Agriculture was the favourite amusement of Dr. Rigby in his leisure hours." We

have no account if his crops bore any compensation with his increase in other respects.

The Peerness is treated with some deference, in consequence, we presume, of being a female subject.\*

convey instruction to the students? and are not certain gentlemen appointed for their known abilities in the separate sciences of painting, architecture, perspective, and anatomy? and if any do, have not all an equal right to act as Mr. Dance did—that is, do nothing? Do the council, appointed by the Academy, render justice to the students by *winking* at this neglect? The annual delivery of lectures by the professors, is one of the essential benefits which the scions of the art claim and expect from the Academy; and if the idle professor executes not the duty he voluntarily undertakes, the council should elect to use such an arrangement, and elect another of more industrious habits, and more exacting principles. His architectural professorship, for several years past, has been little more than an empty title? The students in this branch of art are most unfortunately placed; they have been deprived of their proper instruction, and have more reason to complain of the Academy, as a body, than of the individual lecturer, who, being annually elected, receives, at each re-election, an approval of his idleness."\*

\* The author is not, however, so gentle with another.—Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire, died March 30, 1824, aged about seventy. Lady Elizabeth Harvey was the second daughter of Frederick, Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derby, a spiritual and temporal peer of considerable ability,

"The Countess of Jersey possessed great personal attractions, the powerful but transient effects of which over an illustrious personage, are well known. Her ladyship held the inviolate situation of first lady of the bed-chamber to the young Princess of Wales; and the unhappy differences which arose at Carlton House, immediately after that ill-fated union, are said to have been fermented by the influence and intrigues of this fascinating, envious, and jealous countess. Whatever portion of truth there may have been in those reports, they certainly had the effect upon the public mind of rendering the Countess of Jersey very unpopular."

The sketch of the Musician proves that Mr. Miller is not deficient in observation or knowledge of the world.

"Charles Knivett, born 1752; died Jan. 13, 1822.—This respectable musician was long known in the extensive circle of that elegant, fashionable, and fascinating science: his professional talents, gentlemanly manners, good understanding, correct conduct, and social qualities, made his society courted by families of the first rank; and he passed much of his leisure time in the summer season at the country-seats of the nobility, where he was always an acceptable visitor. *Music and Painting* are the two sciences which find easiest access to the drawing-rooms of high life: the talents requisite to shine in those arts, when displayed, always procure an *entré*; but something more is wanting *permanently* to preserve the footing which skill and ability have acquired. The clear knowledge of the marked pride inseparably allied to high birth, (and the slightest penetration will soon discover it,) by which you are taught to feel the wide distinction between *rank* and *talent*, makes it difficult for the scientific man to know his *exact* station: an easy, but unassuming address, both in language and manner, is requisite; but the *tact*, the great art to acquire, is to know *how far to go*, and the *exact point to stop at*: a knowledge of the most useful kind in every station of life, but the most difficult to learn. There are many recent instances of individuals who have gained more professional practice, and raised to themselves sterling friends, by the judicious application of this worldly knowledge, than by the talents they have displayed in their art."

The Banker is not only made an example of in his epitaph, but, by a rebound, Mr. M. has

but, of great eccentricity both of mind and conduct. Her first husband was John Thomas Forster, Esq. who, dying in 1796, left her a widow with two sons. The origin of her ladyship's acquaintance with the Devonshire family may be supposed to have arisen in the general intercourse which passes between the nobility; but we find her, soon after her widowhood, domesticated at Devonshire House, Chatsworth, and Chatsworth, living in daily intimacy with the Duchess Georgiana, and on terms with the duke which the world have even considered as *more than dubious*. This family arrangement had, however, *very little mystery in it*: the noble *trio* continued in amicable intercourse until the noble duke, in 1809, when Lady Elizabeth Forster, as a *just and only reward* for the *immense sacrifice she had made*, was, as soon as decency permitted, legally adored with the exalted title she held at the time of her death. *O tempore! O mores!* Upon the death of the duke, in 1811, his widow (*the then pure and chaste*) British court not agreeing with the delicate state of the duchess, removed to a country where the climate was genial, the habit more lax, and the dignity in the sex no bar to an intercourse with the highest society:—in her day, her grace passed the remainder of her days. The Duchess of Devonshire lived at Rome suitably to her elevated rank: her splendid palace in the Piazza Colonna was open to merit and talent from all nations. Her countrymen she patronised, and the British students daily experienced the benefit of her influence and favour. Nature had given her eminent abilities, and a correct taste for art in general. She excavated ancient remains; printed and gratuitously distributed to those in her favour splendid books; and when she died, left a void in the circle of Roman *virtù*, which will long be felt in the 'Eternal City.'

also presumed to anatomize his widow, who being still alive, was not a *fair subject* for him, and might, in our opinion, indict him to conviction under Lord Ellenborough's Cutting and Maiming Act :—

" Thomas Coutts, born 1731 ; died Feb. 24, 1822. — This gentleman adds to the many instances of good fortune which attends the emigration of Scottish youths from their bleak and mountainous country to a more southern and genial climate. Mr. Coutts rose from a junior partner to be the head of one of the first banking concerns in Europe, and himself the most opulent banker of his day ; he left to his widow an immense fortune, besides having portioned his three daughters by his first marriage. This vast accumulation of property, the result of industry and acuteness, was obtained without any shade being cast upon his character ; for in all Coutts's extensive transactions, during a long life, his fair and honourable dealings with the public were never called in question. The detail of Coutts's private life is full of romance : he was twice married ; but nothing could be more dissimilar than the *moral* result of each. When a very young man, and living in the banking-house in the Strand, Coutts became attached to a handsome and deserving female, then residing in a humble station under the same roof : she became his wife ; and from this disinterested union three daughters sprung, who all formed honourable and noble marriages—became women of rank—and by their alliances raised Coutts above the station of plebeian opulence : they joined the pride and pretensions of blood to the influence and power of wealth. If Coutts had possessed a well-organized mind, he could have had nothing more to wish for : ambition, in its highest flight, had been amply gratified, and with the preservation of every moral principle. This state of respectability continued until *that period of existence*, when the thoughts of most men turn from the present to a future state : not so, however, with Coutts—a sudden and unlooked-for change took place. Many years after the settlement of his children, when this golden banker was advanced beyond the usual life of man, he was suddenly enamoured with a young and lively actress, that struck his fancy on the boards of Drury Lane : the mutual temptation, though from contrary impulses, was too powerful for these frail beings to resist : Miss Mellon's charms subdued his principles, and the 'rich man's ore' overcame her scruples. It is a melancholy task to pursue a once honourable and upright character, until infirmity, imbecility, and old age,—'sans eyes, sans teeth, sans every thing,'—sinks into the doating, immoral, and nauseous debauchee. Had it pleased Death to have cast his dart at Coutts at that period of his life when most of us feel his fatal sting, it would have been fortunate for the posthumous reputation of this weak old man. Coutts took this young actress under his protection, settled an ample fortune on her, and she became his *chère amie* in public and private, until the death of his first wife ; when, shame to relate—for the pen hesitates to record the fact—in eight and forty hours after, in defiance of all decency and decorum, he led Miss Mellon to the altar, and she became the second wife of Coutts, before the remains of his first had received the last sacred earthly duties. What a pitiable tale is this to be told of poor mortality !! Coutts lived seven years after, placing his person, his fortune, and his fame, at the entire disposal of his liberal, open-hearted, and (I really believe) grateful and

attentive wife : at his death, a short will was produced, by which he bequeathed the *whole* of his vast property, amounting to near a million sterling, to the sole and uncontrolled use of Mrs. Coutts :—the Marchioness of Bute, Countess of Guildford, Lady Burdett, and his numerous grandchildren, all omitted!!! That act must in itself be bad, which, if the example was to be followed by others, would loosen all the social relations in life, and disorganize the whole moral system of the world. In this man, what became of the ties of consanguinity ? the parental throbs and feelings for his offspring and their issue at the moment of expiring life ? The first law of nature, that which binds blood to blood, was in Coutts a *blank* : he was different from the rest of his species, and we turn with horror from so unnatural a being."

With this stinging specimen of the author's daring way of treating both the living and the dead we would close our catalogue, but that we had promised other names. We will not, however, go into the details attached to them : Lord Erskine is the Lawyer, and Sir Eyre Coote the General ; and both are painted in very strong and odious colours. Seriously speaking, we are not convinced that any one possesses a right to exercise such a judgment upon his fellow-creatures, and especially upon contemporaries yet only mouldering in their graves. It is a fearful responsibility to pronounce so decisively on men, their actions, and their motives. Who can tell what influenced them, what tempted them, what excused them ? For ourselves we may declare, that many and many a time it has fallen to our lot to ascertain that individuals were basely accused of offences of which they were utterly innocent—to know that malignity had often blackened the purest fame—and that the world had, as often, rather lent a willing ear to the vile slander, than indignantly taken up the cause of injured merit and suffering virtue. 'On eagle wings immortal Scandal flies ;' and while *that* strikes the high and lofty, there is serpent venom in abundance to poison the existence of the lowly and obscure. The more experience of life we have, the more surely are we taught to abhor or despise the tales and rumours which every day prevail : there is vice and crime enough, we confess, but it is not always the vicious and criminal who are arraigned, and we would not, for a dukedom, be the party to pronounce upon the truth or falsehood of the charges." In this frame of mind, it gives us pleasure to take one example from Mr. Miller's work of an opposite kind to those which we have selected for their severity and bitterness. It relates to an honourable instance of an honourable class, and forms a soothing contrast to the preceding sketches, wherewith to incline our readers unto a better opinion of human nature and British character :—

" Richard Twining, born 1750 ; died April 23, 1824. — Learning is much more diffused than it used to be : formerly, if a father had two or three sons to place in the world, he gave an education to each adapted to the line of life he intended him for ; but about the middle of the last century, the ground-work

of general learning—the *dead and living languages*—began to be considered as essential auxiliaries to every young man entering the world, whose station was above the lowest ; and we now find that a regular classical, and oftentimes University education, adorns the youth destined for commerce or the counting-house. This liberal and enlightened system has lessened the distinctions of rank ; it has enlarged the mind of the merchant, and lowered the arrogance of illiterate independence ; it has placed the followers of commerce, from whence England derives all its greatness, in that sphere of cultivated society to which they are justly entitled. Richard Twining was the second son of Daniel Twining, a tea-dealer : his eldest brother, Thomas, having entered the Church, Richard succeeded to his father's business, which continues to be carried on near Temple Bar with the highest credit. Although trade was the ostensible occupation which this gentleman was destined for, yet the enlightened mind of his father bestowed on him an excellent classical education, which, being engrained on an acute understanding, a studious turn, and an elegant mind, enabled him to mix through life the amusements of a scholar with the necessary calls upon his time which a large commercial establishment required. His learning, however, created in him no unbecoming pride ; he had too much good sense to be *above* the counting-house, which he felt to be an honourable and useful station ; but when relieved from *that* duty, he followed the bent of his natural inclination, and retired to the calm, mental enjoyment which literature, in all its branches, never fails to convey. To the man of business and the man of letters, Twining joined the mild, beneficial, and attractive duties of a Christian and philanthropist ; both of which he practised in an eminent degree. For a short period, Mr. Twining was an East India Director ; and no election ever took place in that vast territorial and commercial establishment more creditable to the electors and the elected : there is not another instance of recent date of a *retail dealer* having been elevated to such a station : he was, however, unable to retain it long ; ill health forced him to retire from that and all other active obligations of life. His eldest brother, before mentioned, was the Rev. Thomas Twining, who published 'A Translation of Aristotle's Treatise on Poetry, with Notes ;' a work which obtained him much and deserved credit."

We ought to end with this estimable pattern (not likely, we fear, to be entirely copied by many even of our readers, notwithstanding all the excellent advice we bestow upon them weekly), but are beguiled into a curious concluding anecdote or two.

Of Dr. W. Kerr, of Northampton, we are told—" He had some eccentricities in his character : he always felt a strong desire to perform a surgical operation on his birth-day ; and whenever any professional act of this kind was to be done, near that periodical event, he contrived, except the case was desperate, to fix on that particular day."

Of Sir John Colpoys it is related—" One anecdote of this Admiral will display his strict, but uncourtly honesty :—during the early part of the residence of the Princess of Wales at Blackheath, the Governor used frequently to dine at her table ; but when it was known that her pecuniary affairs became embarrassed, and she neglected to pay her weekly bills, Colpoys from that moment refused her Royal Highness's invitations, and openly declared that he did not choose to *dine at tradesmen's expense*."

\* The author himself says, in his notice of the Countess of Oxford,—" The general life of our ladies of rank creates little for history, or even remark. Were I to listen to the defaming and ungenerous voice of scandal, this lady would occupy a few more lines ; but being equally averse to propagate doubtful insinuations, as I am to bury in oblivion open and undignified vices, I shall leave her ladyship with that fair character which, with few exceptions, belongs to the female part of British nobility." Now how can we excuse the bold language in certain cases, with the abstinence in others ? If proofs were demanded, what might the result be ?

The sketches, it will be seen from our extracts, are very short — we might say meagre ; and we have observed several mistakes in them, which we do not think it necessary to particularise.

That we have gone at so much length into a review of the work itself, will, we hope, be excused, as we have done so on the ground, that the publication is, and must continue to be, so exceedingly rare, as hardly to be known beyond a very circumscribed circle ; it may, therefore, be allowed to present stronger claims upon us, as sedulous purveyors of information and amusement for our numerous friends at home and abroad.

*The Life and Correspondence of Major Cartwright.* Edited by his Niece, F. D. Cartwright. 8vo. 2 vols. London, 1826. Colburn.

THIS is a very innocuous piece of biography. Like most productions of the sort which proceed from the pens of affectionate and admiring relatives, it dwells upon matters of little consequence to the rest of the world, and evolves a multitude of things which might be advertised in the way papers in lost pocket-books sometimes are, — as of no value to any body except the owner. The worthy Major himself seemed to be perfectly aware of this fact, for though he was no more blind to his own real or imagined importance than men who have long persevered in a particular cause usually are, he certainly endeavoured to save his posthumous reputation from the kind solicitude and loving services of fond and lamenting friends.

"In the progress of the work," says his biographer, "one difficulty has occurred,—that of adhering implicitly to the injunction of Major Cartwright himself, who, in a paper found after his decease, expressed a wish, that should any biographical sketch of him be attempted, 'he should not be the subject of frivolous details, but that little should be said, except on subjects of political interest.'" If ever man was framed by the hand of Nature for, and born a politician, that man was John Cartwright. The ruling passion was strong even in death. He wanted nothing to be remembered of him but his politics ; all the rest of his life was frivolous details. But how does his memoir-writer obey, or rather evade, this solemn injunction ? She tells us, "to comply with this wish in its strictest sense, was the writer's first impulse ; but subsequent reflection has induced her to think, that whatever tends to illustrate his character, in private as well as in public, cannot justly be considered frivolous ; and that in suppressing all private letters or anecdotes, she would be doing an injustice to that very cause which was so near his heart." Of this interpretation of a dying wish, all that we need observe is, that it is at least a very free construction. It has virtually contravened the injunction, and moreover, swelled the anticipated "Sketch" into two solid octavo volumes. The poor Major had not much power when living, and neither he nor any of us have much after we are dead. But we have to speak of the work such as it is before us, and considering the quarter whence it comes, it is a very moderate, and tolerably impartial account of the veteran reformer. It is natural that the fair author should be biased in favour of the tenets and exertions of her uncle ; but the general narrative is sufficiently modest and unassuming, and does not dogmatise in the thorny questions of politics. We

shall imitate this praiseworthy example, and, though yielding our assent to the opinion entertained of the Major's honesty of purpose, we shall confine our attention as much as possible to those parts of the work which are more worthy of the attention of the public.

Major Cartwright was the son of a respectable country gentleman in Nottinghamshire, and entered the navy at an early age. He was engaged in the action between Lord Hawke and the French admiral Conflans, and was afterwards promoted to the rank of lieutenant. He was several years at Newfoundland, where he acted as deputy-commissary, and returned to England in 1770, at the time when the disputes with the North American colonies began to occupy the public mind. He warmly espoused the cause of the colonies, wrote a pamphlet in its favour, and gave a decided proof of his conscientious adherence to principles, by declining the offer of Lord Howe to become first-lieutenant on board of his flagship. At this period he was appointed major of the Nottinghamshire militia, and turned his attention wholly to politics, which became, in a great measure, the business of the remainder of his life. Before entering upon the narrative of his public exertions, the author makes the following remarks :—

"He was at this time thirty-seven years of age, and his views on political subjects could neither be placed to the account of youthful enthusiasm, nor be then liable to the reproach so often afterwards levelled at him,—of being the offspring of dotage. They were adopted after much attentive reading and mature reflection, by one peculiarly fitted to form a correct judgment of the means most likely to produce an improved state of society. He was not a mere student, in whom classical education might have fostered a blind partiality for the republican institutions of Greece and Rome ; but a man who had lived and acted in the world, and had mixed with persons of various professions, and in all ranks of life. Above all, he was not a disappointed or a needy adventurer ; and the unwearied perseverance with which, during the whole of his exertions, he exhorted those whom he thought better qualified than himself to take the lead, may well acquit him from the charge of vanity or ambition."

Among many instances of his inflexible honour in pecuniary transactions, and in the general intercourse of life, the following are creditably characteristic :—

"Major Cartwright happening one evening to call on an American gentleman connected with the principal leaders of the American cause, observed a person whose dress shewed him to be just arrived on horseback, and who, after whispering a few words to his friend, retired. After a little conversation the American became absorbed in thought, and Major Cartwright, judging his visit unseasonable, was about to leave the room. His friend stopped him, and again attempted to converse with him ; but he soon sank into silence and abstraction. After many attempts to be allowed to retire, his friend again stopped him with symptoms of earnestness ; at length the visitor was forcing himself away, when his friend stepped between him and the door, and in a few seconds, turning round in agitation, said, 'I am going to shew the confidence I place in you. France has just signed a treaty with my country ; the man you saw has brought me the intelligence express from Paris, and as he came away some hours before the English ambassador was informed of the fact, ministers

will probably remain in ignorance of the circumstance all to-morrow.' In giving him this information, Major Cartwright had reason to suppose that his friend purposely afforded him an opportunity of making an advantageous speculation in 'Change Alley' ; and the writer well remembers the answer which he once gave to a gentleman, who frankly told him he was hardly justifiable in permitting such an occasion to escape him. 'In all transactions,' said he, 'between man and man, there should be equality of information. If I am in possession of a secret which another has no possible means of obtaining, we are not on equal terms ; and every advantage I gain in consequence of such secret, is, in my opinion, a fraudulent transaction.'

"The second anecdote appeared in 1820, to the surprise of his family, to whom he had never mentioned the subject. It was related by Mr. Godfrey Higgins, in a letter addressed to the House of Commons, and was as follows :—

"I cannot refrain from doing an act of justice to that much abused and defamed gentleman, Major Cartwright. Some years ago he was bound in many thousand pounds for a friend who was unfortunate in trade. My father being interested, through the medium of a banker, who had also failed, and wanted a considerable part of it. I was sent to London at the time Sir James桑德森—who was, I believe, also interested—was mayor, to inquire about it. I called on the Major, and upon telling him the object of my visit, looking at me very steadfastly, he said, 'Sir, I am instructed by my law adviser, that the transaction betwixt my friend and the banker, for whom you want this money, was usurious, and that I am not bound by law to pay a single farthing of it.' I dare say I looked rather uncomfortable, because my law adviser had instructed me precisely to the same effect ; but after a moment's pause he added, 'I was honestly bound for my friend, and I shall honestly pay the money ; I only ask time to sell part of my estate to raise it, till when, I will pay you five per cent.' The estate was sold, and the money paid before the year's end. I cannot believe that this gentleman wants a revolution, that he may profit by a scramble for the property of the rich."

Though opposed to Mr. Pitt subsequently to the French Revolution, the Major speaks of that great minister in the highest terms of eulogy.

"As a statesman and a minister (he writes to the Right Hon. Thomas Steele) for conducting national business, I consider him as the first character. In respect of parliamentary reform, and a few other points, I confess he has not satisfied me ; but my objections go no farther than doubts, and these doubts are mixed with hopes of somewhat great and good in future. Let your friend be the instrument of blessing to this country, and if I mistake not his character, his happiness would be equal to his power : he would be the idol of his contemporaries, and unborn ages would revere his name."

From one so occupied with the turmoils of politics as the Major, we should not have expected much attention to the more refined and evanescent sentiments of the heart ; yet is the following extract from one of his letters to a young friend, as much distinguished for its nice discrimination, as for the manner in which it is expressed. Since we have alluded to his style, we may in this place observe, that the language of his correspondence is generally ex-

cellent, and may certainly stand in competition with that of any of the distinguished individuals whose letters are given in these volumes.

"The advice you have received, not to make your declaration to the lady until you have reason to persuade yourself that it is wished for, is judicious. A too early declaration produces constraint; it converts the mistress into a critic: and in this state of things, suspicion, caprice, and even reason, may all enlist themselves against you. Love, and particularly a first love, in a delicate mind, is jealous of its liberty, and shrinks from the thought of solicitation. Doubt, fear, and hope, are as necessary to love, as changes of season to the myrtle: all sunshine is destructive to either. You will not want penetration to know when to make your declaration; but be not too hasty. Remember Miss \*\*\*'s extreme youth, and that the youthful mind, under the influence of a virtuous passion, is in the happiest of all tempers for receiving deeply, every good and every noble impression. Happy is the lover who avails himself of this opportunity to assist his beloved in laying that solid foundation of right principles on which the happiness of life is built. When the tutor is the object of love, the lessons readily take possession of the heart, and are the best securities for an attachment that will pass unshaken through all the temptations of life."

The following account of his domestic habits evinces his unwearyed activity even after he had attained his seventieth year:

"He never rose later than six o'clock, either winter or summer, and frequently got up much sooner, and lighted his own fire. At eight a cup of coffee or of chocolate was brought him, and at twelve he breakfasted. The rest of the day, except during his occasional walk, which he took without any regard to weather, he was employed in writing or conversing with those who called upon him; and, as he never denied himself to any person whatever, it may be easily believed that he had numerous visits, besides those of friendship, from persons requiring advice or assistance. 'How you satisfy all your claims upon your time,' says his worthy friend, Mr. Dickenson, in a letter dated 7th October, 1816, 'I never could comprehend; for you seem to be as much at leisure in the midst of these embargoes, and as much at the service of your friends, either in the way of correspondence or colloquy, as if you had nothing else to do.'

We may observe, *en passant*, that the portrait placed at the head of these volumes is an excellent likeness of the reformer.

Whatever we may think of the propriety of the means recommended by Major Cartwright for advancing the interests of England, we must say, that we consider him to have been an honest enthusiast. These volumes are far too long; but those who were attached to their subject during his long career, and those who admire his principles, may be gratified; the one with the particularity of the details, and the other with the proof that this apostle of their doctrines was truly a good, sincere, and virtuous character—who sought no advantage whatever to himself while he laboured for what he conceived to be the welfare of his country.

*The German Novelists: Tales selected from Ancient and Modern Authors in that Language; from the earliest Period down to the close of the Eighteenth Century; with Critical and Biographical Notices.* By Thomas Rose. 12mo. 4 vols. London, 1826. H. Colburn.

PERHAPS nothing in the perusal of old and

peculiar traditions of other lands strikes us more than the curious conformity between them and those with which we are already familiar. It is a long way between the Hartz Mountains and the City of Bagdad, yet from both places come a similar tale; and our ancient friend Ali Baba is repeated in the German Woodman. It would require pages to point out all these resemblances—and some very striking ones there are—between them and our own old Scottish traditions. But perhaps the demoniacal agency, made so much use of in these fictions, is more exclusively German; and, like all other works of the imagination, may be ascribed to the nature of the country with whose scenery it is hourly blended and impressed: the mines, the gaunt mountains, and the interminable forests of Germany seem fit to be the very haunts of evil spirits. To the lover of the wild and wonderful, to the curiosities in the remnants of antiquity, to those who enjoy the legends of olden time, fashioned into creations of terrible power by the hand of the more modern but skilful artist, these volumes will afford a treasure-house of entertainment; to the poet, whose mind feeds upon the strange and the ideal, to the painter, who is haunted by fair and fearful shapes, and to the philosopher, who loves to trace the effect from the cause, and separate history from fiction—to each and all of these will these German tales form a separate present, the best adapted to their peculiar tastes. The translation is executed by one well aware of the nature and beauty of both languages. Displaying as much research and information as their predecessors, the Italian novelists, the German stories are far superior in the interest of the narrative, to which we think we cannot do better than introduce our readers. Our first example shall be a Tradition from the Hartz Mountains: this one is of the Golden Green.

*"The Knights' Cellar in the Kyffhäuser."*\* There was a poor, but very honest, contented, and merry kind of man, in the village of Tilleda, who happened to be giving a christening treat, for about the eighth time, to some of his neighbours. Desirous of shewing all respect to the party at the christening, he set before them the best country wine he possessed, which being quickly despatched, his guests seemed to be looking for a little more. 'Go, then,' said the father to his eldest daughter, a young girl about sixteen years old, 'go, and bring us some better wine from the cellar.' 'From what cellar, father?' inquired his daughter. 'What cellar, child?' repeated her father, merely in jest; 'why the great wine-cellars belonging to the old knights, upon the Kyffhäuser. With perfect simplicity, the young maiden took a firkin in her hand, and proceeded towards the mountain. About middle way, seated in an old deserted path leading down towards the spot, she found an aged housekeeper, dressed in a singular quaint fashion, with a large bunch of keys hanging at her side. The young woman paused, not a little surprised at the sight; but the old lady inquired of her very kindly, whether she had not come to fetch wine from the knights' cellar? 'Yes, I am,' replied the timid girl, 'but I have got no money.' 'Come with me,' said the old housekeeper, 'you shall have it for nothing; and better wine than your father ever bought in his life.' They both then proceeded along an old deserted road, the old lady inquiring very particularly, by the way, what the appearance of things then was in Tilleda—who was alive, and who was dead? 'Once,' said she, 'I was as young

and pretty as thou art, before I was kidnapped and carried under ground by the knights, or rather night-riders, who stole me away from the very house that now belongs to thy father. Shortly before this they had also seized four young ladies of these parts, who were often afterwards seen about here, on their four richly caparisoned steeds. They were entrapped, and carried off in open day, by these mountain knights, as they were coming from church at Kelbra. They made me, as I grew older, into the housekeeper, and entrusted me with the keys of the cellar, which you see I still wear.' By this time they had reached the cellar door, which the old housekeeper unlocked. It was a fine spacious cellar, and on both sides it was well laid out with rows of vats and butts. Most of them were either quite or more than half full; and broaching one of them with great dexterity, she took the little firkin and filled it up to the brim. 'There,' she said, 'take that to your father, and whenever he may happen to be giving a treat, you may come again; only see that you tell no one, besides your father, where you have it from. And, moreover, take heed that you sell none of it, nor give it away, for in neither case will it be worth any thing at all. If any one venture hither to obtain wine for sale, let him be warned, his last bread has been baked:—now go!' So the girl returned with the wine to her father; and the guests found it excellent without knowing any thing as to whence it came. Henceforward, as often as there was a party invited to the house, Isabel went to fetch wine in the little kilderkin, from the Kyffhäuser. They did not, however, long continue to enjoy the benefit of it: the neighbours began to wonder where the poor gentleman met with such excellent wine; none equal to it in the country. The father would inform nobody, nor would Isabel betray the secret. Unluckily, just opposite to them lived the landlord of the village inn, who dealt as largely as he could in adulterated spirits. He, among others, had also had a taste of the knights' wine; and thought he to himself, 'My friend, you might mix this with ten times its body of water, and sell it for good wine still. Where the devil can you contrive to get it from?' He resolved to watch; and he followed the daughter as she went for about the fourteenth time, with her little firkin, towards the Kyffhäuser hills. He hid himself, and saw her come the exact way from the old cellar, with her firkin quite full, shortly afterwards. Accordingly, next evening, he set out himself, having first rolled into a little cart one of the largest empty barrels he could find, intending to fill it with the same precious kind of liquor. He thought it would be easy to convey it down hill; and he made a vow to return every night until the cellar became empty. As he approached the spot where he had marked the path the day before, the sky suddenly began to grow dark and lowering. The wind rose, and whistled portentously at the gathering rain, which soon fell in torrents. The tempest carried him and his hollow tub from one side of the road to the other. At last, down the hill he went, and continued to fall deeper and deeper, until he finally found himself lodged in a burial vault. Here there appeared an awful procession before his eyes—a regular funeral, with a bier hung with black, and his wife and four neighbours, whom he recognised easily enough by their gait and garments, following in its wake. At this sight he very naturally fainted away; and on recovering some hours afterwards, he still found himself in the dimly lighted vault, and heard right over his head

\* By Oumar: his real name was Nachtigal.

the old familiar steeple bell of Tilleda striking twelve. Now he knew that it was the witching hour, and that he was there lying under the church and the burial ground of the village in a gloomy vault. He was certainly more dead than alive, and scarcely ventured to breathe. But see! a monk now approaches him slowly down the narrow steps, opens the vault door, and in perfect silence puts some money into his hand, and then taking him in his arms, he laid him down at the foot of the mountain. It was a cold frosty night. By degrees the good host came a little to himself, and crept, without either wine or wine-cask, as far as home. It struck such a jolt as he reached it; and he felt himself so unwell, that he found he must take to his bed. In the course of three days he died, and the money which he had brought home, given him by the ghostly monk, was just sufficient to defray his funeral expenses; his wife and the four neighbours, as he had seen them, following him to the grave."

We shall give one specimen of the comic, from a "Martyr to the Fair,"\* choosing the most tragic part,—his marriage. Disgusted with many misfortunes, all of the feminine gender, the hero, Albert Limbach, resolves to seek con-nubial happiness in the country.

"I took," says he, "a female survey of all the farm and all the parsonage houses in the vicinity, and in one of the latter found a young, blooming maiden, who appeared in every respect a partner adapted to me for life. She was, moreover, a very quiet, harmless creature, with no kind of pretensions, confining her observations to yes and no. Now this good and simple-minded being I wished to make my own; so I solicited the hand of the pastor's daughter, and met with no refusal. During the first year of our marriage, I had every reason to feel happy in my choice. My little rustic was an excellent housewife, agreed to every thing I said, and appeared desirous of pleasing no one but myself. To so exemplary a pitch did she carry this latter point, that she looked exceedingly bluff at the young men who ventured to direct their glances at her in the course of our walks. It is true that some very artful coquettes can do the same; yet certainly only such as have some particular view, or are beginning to age. On this ground, however, my rural love had no occasion to dread the most inquisitive eye, as she barely numbered seventeen summers, and bloomed as rosy as the flower whose namesake she was. Her aversion to ogling, then, could only be referred to her extreme delicacy and good behaviour. In fact, the only man with whom she conversed, and that was seldom, was an elderly gentleman, whose optics were chiefly directed towards the heavens, and their revolutions of every period. He was my next neighbour, and a professor of astronomy. Every evening, when he was not at a review of the starry host, he spent in my house, when he was in the habit of looking as intensely at my wife's black eyes, as if he had discovered two new constellations every time he gazed. Certainly I was not inclined to be jealous of the old gentleman; yet I felt little curious to know whether he entertained any sort of designs. With this view, I one evening snuffed the candle out, and saying, I would find my way to the kitchen-fire myself, I contrived to blacken my wife's red cheeks, as I went, with the snuff. It was natural enough to run against a person in the dark, and I found from the result that she had not remarked my new style of painting, as by the time I returned with the light, she had communicated a portion

\* From Langbein.

of it to the lips of the astronomer. Yes; the old star-gazing satyr had assuredly saluted my rural spouse, while I went to light the candle; there was most dark and diabolical evidence upon the very face of it: he looked more like an harlequin than a wise astronomer; and altogether cut so droll a figure, that I could not avoid bursting into a laugh, though I had perhaps the worst of it. I placed the candle on the table with as much composure as possible, when the astronomer, throwing his eyes on a looking-glass opposite to him, rose, with a sudden exclamation, from his chair, and cast a side look towards my wife. I threw myself in a fit of laughter on the sofa; while the stargazer, taking up his hat, at once marched off. Rosa cast down her eyes very demurely, and did not laugh. "Now see, my dear," I said, when I had a little recovered myself: "What have you done at the poor professor?" — "Nothing, my dear," replied Rosa, blushing; "he only asked me for a kiss." — "So! do you call that nothing? And did you give him one?" — "Yes! Would you have had me refuse him? I could not have had the heart." — But that is not proper for a married woman, you know, Rosa," I cried, stamping my foot. "Not to refuse gentleman, and an old gentleman! — it is a great weakness which you must overcome. You must treat him as you do the young gentlemen, when they look at you as we walk—that is the way to keep them at a distance." I had henceforward to regret the loss of the professor's company, which had served to while away many of my winter evenings; he came no more, leaving me to repent at leisure of my knavish trick. I grew hipped and unwell, and was advised by my physician, the ensuing spring, to visit a watering-place, at some distance, to which I agreed. Intending to return shortly, my wife did not accompany me; yet, not much liking the idea of leaving her amidst the society of a great city, I took a pretty country-house for her, in a secluded situation, and provided an excellent old duenna for her companion while I was away. "Farewell, for a short time, my dear Rosa," I said, "and promise me one thing." — "What is that, Mr. L.?" — "Why promise me to say, No, should any silly impertinent fellow, whether an astronomer or not, ask you any kind of questions whatsoever, will you say?" — "It is very odd," replied Rosa; "but I will do it certainly, if you please." — "That is like my good faithful Rosa; for in that one little word no, there is included a great deal of wisdom, as close and safe as a nut in a shell. Just let me hear you repeat it—how will you say?" — "No, no, no!" she replied very resolutely. "Quite right, quite right, my own love! — take care of yourself, and good bye, till I come again—soon."

"I then jumped into the coach in a very good humour, and proceeded on my way. I was not surprised at receiving no letters from my wife, during my short stay, for she spoke little and wrote less; and with renewed health and spirits I was preparing for my return. I soon bade the waters and invalids farewell, and found myself seated at mine host's well-furnished table, at an excellent hotel, about half way on my journey home. The rest of the guests were full of life and spirits, and were amusing themselves with repeating a variety of anecdotes, among which was the following: — 'Only a short time ago,' resumed one of my companions, 'there was a very amusing incident occurred at — (mentioning the place of my country residence). A certain adventurer, under the assumed title of baron, was the other day exploring this neighbour-

hood, in search of any kind of booty he could find. Happening to cast his eye upon a rural residence close at hand, he drew near, and observed a pretty-looking woman, quite alone, gazing out of one of the windows. He stopped, and entered into conversation, under the plea of inquiring his way. 'Can you inform me?' 'No!' replied the young lady, 'I cannot.' — 'Can you inform me of the name of the next village?' 'No!' answered the lady; and this she followed up with a string of negatives for every question.—Surely, thought our *sot-diant* baron, this pretty creature is either dumb, or there is something I do not comprehend in all this. He then changed his tone of inquiry, saying, 'I hope, dear lady, you are not offended with the freedom I have thus taken in addressing you?' 'No!' — 'And perhaps you will not be offended if I dismount to rest myself a little?' 'No!' — 'And you will not forbid me to take a little refreshment, presenting, at the same time, my humble compliments and thanks?' 'No!' — The happy traveller then dismounted, and proceeded, without farther ceremony, into the house. Here, with similar questions, he arrives at a knowledge of every thing he wishes to know, the lady still expressing all her wishes through the same monosyllable, as she had before done; the negative answering every purpose of an affirmative from the lips of any other person, exactly as the baron could have wished.' During this recital I was sitting upon thorns. The country-house, the beauty and simplicity of its inhabitant, her puppet-like reiteration of the negative—all convinced me that it could be no other than my own tender-hearted wife. The relater's last words went like a dagger to my heart; but I concealed my emotion, and it was not observed. All eyes were fixed upon the speaker, who thus continued: — 'So far you see my anecdote resembles a mere love adventure; and it is not to be wondered at. The remaining portion, however, does not tell quite so well for our hero, the baron, who, not contented with the lady, and the injury inflicted upon her absent husband, prevailed upon her to rob him of his property, and accompany him in his flight.' Here I uttered an exclamation of horror, and ran out of the room as if a legion of devils had been out at my heels. 'Horses, post horses,' I cried; and while they were preparing, I locked myself up in my own room. Then leaping into my chaise, amidst the titters and curiosity of the surrounding spectators, I gave the position a *douceur*, and told him to drive hard; and this I repeated at every stage, until I reached the place where I had left my wife. The doors were fastened, and we were compelled to force our way into the house. With trembling steps I paced its floors; there was no one, and nothing to be seen. Every place was opened, rifled, and made away with. Even the old dragon, left in guard of all my treasures, had absconded; desks, chests, drawers, papers, had all become their prey; my property was gone—I was a beggar! 'Wretch that I am,' exclaimed I, wringing my hands in bitterness of soul. 'Now I see too well that I am destined to become the sport and prey of every woman I approach, whether wily, stupid, garrulous, or dumb. What remains for me, but to seek refuge from their hatred and persecution in some far desert, where they can find nothing on which to prey!'"

We must not omit highly commendations on the biographical and critical notices which accompany these tales: they are most judiciously written, and would alone deservedly attract public attention.

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*Denham and Clapperton's African Travels.*

Captain Clapperton, it is stated in a letter from Mr. James, an agent to the mission, dated Whydah, April 20, has reached Sackatoo, the capital of his old friend and entertainer, Sultan Bello. In safety, Mr. Dickson, accompanied by Mr. Houston Neilson's companion, had proceeded through Dahomey to Chari a few days' journey from Youri, on the other or southern side;—but it is reported that very considerable difficulties are opposed to his further progress,—at all events, in an eligible manner.

SUCH is the latest intelligence of our brave countrymen in Africa; and it imparts a ten-fold interest to that portion of the volume (which has occupied so much of our attention,) to which we this week beg particularly to direct the notice of our readers.

On the 23d of February, 1824, Captain Clapperton left Kano for Sackatoo, accompanied, among others, by Mohammed Jollie (and a jolly fellow he seemed to be, for he was attended by a beautiful Felatah girl, as a *chère amie*, riding astride on a light dromedary). Mohammed had also two loaded camels, and a fine Tuarick horse, the weekly present or tribute from Kano to the Sultan Bello. Traversing a rather picturesque country, and passing many towns, till the 4th of March, we read with less surprise under that date—

"Our road lay through a beautiful country, highly cultivated. At nine o'clock we passed through many villages, romantically situated amongst ridges of granite. From the fertility and beauty of the country, it appeared like an ornamental park in England, shaded with luxuriant trees. We now entered a forest, where the road became both difficult and dreary. Here our guide enjoined my servants not to stray from the caravan, as the woods were infested with banditti, who murdered every one they seized too old for the slave market. The soil was composed of clay and gravel: in the hollows I frequently saw rocks of granite and mica slate. The trees upon the high ground were low and stunted, amongst which I remarked several wild mangoes. We halted at the Felatah village of Bobaginn, where the country is again open. The inhabitants were kind and attentive in procuring me a house and provisions.

"March 5.—The country was now highly cultivated. The road was crowded with passengers and loaded bullocks, going to the market of Zirmie, which town we passed a little to the southward, about noon, when the country became more woody."

On the 16th the Kafila reached Sackatoo. "I now," says our pleasant author, "left the wells of Kamoon, followed by my escort and a numerous retinue, amid a loud flourish of horns and trumpets. Of course this extraordinary respect was paid to me as the servant of the king of England, as I was styled in the sheikh of Bornou's letter. To impress them further with my official importance, I arrayed myself in my lieutenant's coat, trimmed with gold lace, white trowsers, and silk stockings, and, to complete my finery, I wore Turkish slippers and a turban. Although my limbs pained me extremely, in consequence of our recent forced march, I constrained myself to assume the utmost serenity of countenance, in order to meet with befitting dignity the honours they lavished on me, the humble representative of my country. Near Kamoon the country is hilly, but seemed to yield much grain. The soil is red clay, mixed with gravel, the stones of which looked as if covered with iron rust. We passed some beautiful springs on the sloping declivities of the hills, which in general are low, and run in broken ridges in a north-

east direction. The valleys between the hills became wider as we approached Sackatoo, which capital we at length saw from the top of the second hill after we left Kamoon. A messenger from the sultan met us here, to bid me welcome, and to acquaint us that his master was at a neighbouring town, on his return from a ghrasie, or expedition, but intended to be in Sackatoo in the evening. Crowds of people were thronging to market with wood, straw, onions, indigo, &c. At noon we arrived at Sackatoo, where a great multitude of people was assembled to look at me, and I entered the city amid the hearty welcomes of young and old. I was conducted to the house of the gadado, or vizier, where apartments were provided for me and my servants. After being supplied with plenty of milk, I was left to repose myself. The gadado,\* an elderly man named Simon Bona Lima, arrived near midnight, and came instantly to see me. He was excessively polite, but would on no account drink tea with me, as he said I was a stranger in their land, and had not yet eaten of his bread. He told me the sultan wished to see me in the morning, and repeatedly assured me of experiencing the most cordial reception. He spoke Arabic extremely well, which he said he learned solely from the Koran.

"March 17.—After breakfast the sultan sent for me: his residence was at no great distance. In front of it there is a large quadrangle, into which several of the principal streets of the city lead. We passed through three coozees, as guardhouses, without the least detention, and were immediately ushered into the presence of Bello, the second sultan of the Felatabs. He was seated on a small carpet, between two pillars supporting the roof of a thatched house, not unlike one of our cottages. The walls and pillars were painted blue and white, in the Moorish taste; and on the back wall was sketched a fire-screen, ornamented with a coarse painting of a flower-pot. An arm-chair, with an iron lamp standing on it, was placed on each side of the screen. The sultan bade me many hearty welcomes, and asked me if I was not much tired with my journey from Burderawa. I told him it was the most severe travelling I had experienced between Tripoli and Sackatoo, and thanked him for the guard, the conduct of which I did not fail to commend in the strongest terms.

He asked me a great many questions about Europe, and our religious distinctions. He was acquainted with the names of some of the more ancient sects, and asked whether we were Nestorians or Socinians. To extricate myself from the embarrassment occasioned by this question, I bluntly replied we were called Protestants. "What are Protestants?" says he. I attempted to explain to him, as well as I was able." "He continued to ask several other theological questions, until I was obliged to confess myself not sufficiently versed in religious subtleties to resolve these knotty points, having always left that task to others more learned than myself."

In the afternoon, the presents from England were given, "consisting of two new blunderbusses highly ornamented with silver, the double-barrelled pistols, pocket-compass, and embroidered jacket of the late Dr. Oudney; a scarlet bornouse trimmed with silver lace, a pair of scarlet breeches, thirty yards of red silk, two white, two red, and two Egyptian turban shawls, the latter trimmed with gold;

four pounds each of cloves and cinnamon; three cases of gunpowder, with shot and balls; three razors, three clasp-knives, three looking-glasses; six snuff-boxes, three of paper, and three of tin; a spy-glass, and a large English tea-tray, on which the smaller articles were arranged. He took them up one by one. The compass and spy-glass excited great interest; and he seemed much gratified when I pointed out that by means of the former, he could at any time find out the east to address himself in his daily prayers. He said, "Every thing is wonderful; but you are the greatest curiosity of all!" and then added, "What can I give that is most acceptable to the King of England?" I replied, "The most acceptable service you can render to the King of England, is to co-operate with his Majesty in putting a stop to the slave trade on the coast: as the King of England sends every year large ships to cruise there, for the sole purpose of seizing all vessels engaged in this trade, whose crews are thrown into prison; and of liberating the unfortunate slaves, on whom lands and houses are conferred, at one of our settlements in Africa. 'What!' said he, 'have you no slaves in England?' 'No. Whenever a slave sets his foot in England, he is from that moment free.' 'What do you then do for servants?' 'We hire them for a stated period, and give them regular wages: nor is any person in England allowed to strike another: and the very soldiers are fed, clothed, and paid by government.' 'God is great!' he exclaimed; 'You are a beautiful people.' I next presented the sheikh of Bornou's letter. On perusing it, he assured me I should see all that was to be seen within his dominions, as well as in Youri and Nyftee, both of which, I informed him, I was anxious to visit."

All the interviews with the sultan are extremely interesting: his curiosity about Europe and European inventions, scientific instruments, &c. was very great. Nor was this to be wondered at, for Capt. C. says—"I may here mention, that, during my stay in Sackatoo, provisions were regularly sent me from the sultan's table on pewter dishes, with the London stamp; and one day I even had a piece of meat served up in a white wash-hand basin, of English manufacture."

Whilst making inquiries about Youri and Nyftee (his journey to which, it may be remembered, was prevented) Capt. C. received information of the utmost interest to us, and which if Mr. Dickson or he can penetrate to the former place\* will no doubt be verified or contradicted.

Gomsoo, the chief of the Arabs at Sackatoo, (Capt. C. states,) "promised to give me a letter to the sultan of Youri, who was his particular friend, and with whom he had lived many years. He also said he was there when the English came down in a boat from Timbuctoo, and were lost; which circumstance he related in the following manner:—They had arrived off a town called Boosa, and having sent a gun and some other articles as presents to the sultan of Youri, they sent to purchase a supply of onions in the market. The sultan apprised them of his intention to pay them a visit, and offered to send people to guide them through the ledges of rock which run quite across the channel of the river a little below the town, where the banks rise into high hills on both sides. Instead of waiting for the sultan, however, they set off at night, and by day-break next morning, a horseman arrived at Youri, to

\* A person of great influence, and married to Bello's sister.

\* Youri is only five days' journey from Sackatoo.

inform the sultan that the boat had struck on the rocks. The people on both sides of the river then began to assail them with arrows, upon which they threw overboard all their effects; and two white men arm in arm jumped into the water, two slaves only remaining in the boat, with some books and papers and several guns: one of the books was covered with wax-cloth, and still remained in the hands of the sultan of Youri. He also told me, and his account was confirmed by others, that the sultan of Youri was a native of Sockna in the regency of Tripoli, and prided himself extremely on his birth; but that he was such a drunkard, whenever any person of consequence came to visit him, that nothing proved so acceptable a present as a bottle of rum.—I learned besides, from Gomsoo, that he had been detained a prisoner three years, in a country called Yoriba, on the west side of the Quarra: which, he said, entered the sea at Fundah, a little below the town of Rakah. The latter is opposite to Nyfee; is a place of great trade between the interior and the coast; and all kinds of European goods, such as beads, woollen and cotton cloth, pewter and copper dishes, gunpowder, rum, &c., are to be had there in exchange for slaves. The inhabitants of Yoriba represented to be extremely ill disposed."

At another time the sultan himself "spoke of Mungo Park, and said, that had he come in the rainy season, he would have passed the rocks; but that the river fell so low in the dry season, boats could only pass at a certain point. He told me, that some timbers of the boat, fastened together with nails, remained a long time on the rocks; and that a double-barrelled gun, taken in the boat, was once in his possession; but it had lately burst. His cousin, Abderechman, however, had a small printed book taken out of the boat; but he was now absent on an expedition to Nyfee. The other books were in the hands of the sultan of Youri, who was tributary to him. I told the sultan, if he could procure these articles for the King of England, they would prove a most acceptable present, and he promised to make every exertion in his power."

A document in the appendix affords a rather different view of the fate of the lamented Park, and teaches us to believe that he was inhumanely murdered by these barbarians.\*

But we must return from this painful subject to the situation of a ruler and people, whose conduct is likely to do no extraordinary influence on our future intercourse with Africa. When our countryman was hindered from proceeding to Nyfee, the sultan, (he says), after giving reasons for not allowing him to incur the danger, "drew on the sand the course of the river Quarra, which he also informed me entered the sea at Fundah. By his account,

\* It is as follows: "Hence, be it known that some Christians came to the town of Youri, in the kingdom of Yaor, and landed and purchased provisions, as onions and other things; and they sent a present to the King of Yaor. The said king desired them to wait until he should send them a messenger, but they were frightened, and went away by the sea (river). They arrived at the town called Bossa, or Boossa, and their ship then rubbed (streak) upon a rock, and all of them perished in the river. This fact is within our knowledge, and peace be the end. It is genuine from Mohammed ben Dehmann. [In addition to the above, there is a kind of postscript appended to the document, by a different hand; which, being both ungrammatical and scarcely legible, had some difficulty in translating and giving it a proper meaning. The words, however, are, I think, as follows; though most of them have been made out by conjecture.] 'And the Christians among them were swam in the sea (river), while the men who were with (pursuing) them, appeared on the coast of the sea (bank of the river), and fell upon them till they went down (sunk) in it.'

the river ran parallel to the sea coast for several days' journey, being in some places only a few hours', in others a day's journey, distant from it. Two or three years ago the sea, he said, closed up the mouth of the river, and its mouth was at present a day or two farther south; but, during the rains, when the river was high, it still ran into the sea by the old channel. He asked me if the king of England would send him a consul and a physician, to reside in Soudan, and merchants to trade with his people; and what I had seen among them, which I thought the English would buy? Here again I enforced the discontinuance of the slave trade on the coast, as the only effectual method of inducing the king of England to establish a consul and a physician at Sackato; and that, as the sultan could easily prevent all slaves from the eastward passing through Hausa and Nyfee, it would be the consul's duty to see that engagement faithfully fulfilled. With respect to what English merchants were disposed to buy, I particularised senna, gum-arabic, bees' wax, untanned hides, indigo, and ivory. I also endeavoured to impress on his mind that Soudan was the country best situated in all Central Africa for such a trade, which would not only be the means of enriching himself, but, likewise, all his subjects; and that all the merchandise from the east and from the west would be conveyed through his territories to the sea. 'I will give the king of England,' says he, 'a place on the coast to build a town: only I wish a road to be cut to Rakah, if vessels should not be able to navigate the river.' I asked him if the country he promised to give belonged to him? 'Yes,' said he, 'God has given me all the land of the infidels.' This was an answer that admitted of no contradiction."

"Both Bello and his father have, it seems, been much cheated by the Arabs in all their dealings, twenty sometimes coming at a time on a begging excursion, with the story of being poor sheeves; and, if not presented with thirty or forty slaves, beside food and camels, they were sure to bully the Felatahs, telling them they were not Mussulmans, and would never see paradise, on account of the number of the faithful they had put to death in the conquest of Soudan."

The Arab interests and cunning, it may therefore be supposed, are strongly arrayed against the plan for opening an intercourse between Sackato and England, to which the sultan was himself so favourable: this will be the grand obstacle in the new negotiations.

"The prince's residence, like those of other great men in this country, is within a large quadrangular enclosure, surrounded by a high clay wall, with a high tower at the entrance, in which some of the slaves or body-guard lounge during the day, and sleep at night. The enclosure is occupied by coozees, some of them in a very ruinous condition. He told me that he possessed a great number of slaves; and I saw many females about his person, most of them very beautiful. He also stated, that he kept two hundred civet cats, two of which he showed me. These animals were extremely savage, and were confined in separate wooden cages. They were about four feet long, from the nose to the tip of the tail; and, with the exception of a greater length of body and a longer tail, they very much resembled diminutive hyenas. They are fed with pounded Guinea corn, and dried fish made into balls. The civet is scraped off with a kind of muscle shell every other morning, the animal being forced into a corner of the cage, and its head

held down with a stick during the operation. The prince offered to sell any number of them I might wish to have; but they did not appear to be desirable travelling companions. Ateeko is a little spare man, with a full face, of monkey-like expression. He speaks in a slow and subdued tone of voice; and the Felatahs acknowledge him to be extremely brave, but at the same time avaricious and cruel. 'Were he sultan,' say they, 'heads would fly about in Soudan.'

"The practice of adopting children is very prevalent among the Felatahs, and though they have sons and daughters of their own, the adopted child generally becomes heir to the whole of the property."

The following is another singular example of manners:

"I was sitting" (says the author) "in the shade before my door, with Sidi Sheikh, the sultan's fighi, when an ill-looking wretch, with a fiend-like grin on his countenance, came and placed himself directly before me. I asked Sidi Sheikh who he was? He answered, with great composure, 'The executioner.' I instantly ordered my servants to turn him out. 'Be patient,' said Sidi Sheikh, laying his hand upon mine; 'he visits the first people in Sackato, and they never allow him to go away without giving him a few Goora nuts, or money to buy them.' In compliance with this hint, I requested forty cowries to be given to the fellow, with strict orders never again to cross my threshold. Sidi Sheikh now related to me a professional anecdote of my uninvited visitor. Being brother of the executioner of Jacoba, of which place he was a native, he applied to the governor for his brother's situation, boasting of superior adroitness in the family vocation. The governor coolly remarked, 'We will try—go, fetch your brother's head!' He instantly went in quest of his brother, and finding him seated at the door of his house, without noise or warning he struck off his head with a sword, at one blow; then carrying the bleeding head to the governor, and claiming the reward of such transcendent atrocity, he was appointed to the vacant office. The sultan being afterwards in want of an expert headsman, sent for him to Sackato, where, a short time after his arrival, he had to officiate at the execution of 2000 Tuaricks, who, in conjunction with the rebels of Goober, had attempted to plunder the country, but were all made prisoners; this event happening about four years ago. I may here add, that the capital punishments inflicted in Soudan, are beheading, impaling and crucifixion; the first being reserved for Mahometans, and the other two practised on pagans. I was told, as a matter of curiosity, that wretches on the cross generally linger three days, before death puts an end to their sufferings."

We have observed that Bello appeared to be well disposed to cultivate a commercial intercourse with England; and upon this important topic a few quotations shall suffice to finish our present paper. At one of Clapperton's last interviews with him, "He spoke of the ancient Moorish kingdom in Spain, and appeared well pleased when I told him that we were in possession of Gibraltar. He asked me to send him from England, some Arabic books and a map of the world; and, in recompense, promised his protection to as many of our learned men as chose to visit his dominions. He also spoke of the gold and silver to be obtained in the hills of Jacoba and Adamowa; but I assured him that we were less anxious about gold mines than the establishment of commerce, and the extension of science. He now gave me a map of the

country, and after explaining it to me, he resumed the old theme of applying by letter to the King of England, for the residence of a consul and a physician at Sackatoo; and again expressed his hope that I would revisit his dominions. He next inquired to what place on the coast the English would come, that he might send an escort for the guns; when I promised to write to his Highness on that subject from Kouka. He proposed to have two messengers waiting at the place I should select, at whose return he would send down an escort to the sea-coast."

In the end, " May 3.—At daylight, the camels were brought in from their pasturage, and were sent off in the afternoon to the neighbourhood of the wells of Kamoon. To-day I was visited by all the principal people of Sackatoo, to bid me farewell; and at seven o'clock in the evening, I went to take leave of the sultan; he was at the mosque, and I had to wait about two hours till he came out. I followed him, at a little distance, to the door of his residence, where an old female slave took me by the hand and led me through a number of dark passages, in which, at the bidding of my conductress, I had often to stoop, or at times to tread with great caution as we approached flights of steps, while a faint glimmering light twinkled from a distant room. I could not imagine where the old woman was conducting me, who, on her part, was highly diverted at my importunate inquiries. After much turning and winding, I was at last brought into the presence of Bello, who was sitting alone, and immediately delivered into my hands a letter for the king of England, with assurances of his friendly sentiments towards the English nation. He had previously sent to me to know what was His Majesty's name, style, and title. He again expressed, with much earnestness of manner, his anxiety to enter into permanent relations of trade and friendship with England; and reminded me to apprise him, by letter, at what time the English mission would be upon the coast. After repeating the Fatha, and praying for my safe arrival in England, and speedy return to Sackatoo, he affectionately bade me farewell."

In the sultan's letter to our king he says—

" Your majesty's servant, Ra-yes-Abd-Allah, (Mr. Clapperton's travelling name,) came to us, and we found him a very intelligent and wise man; representing in every respect your greatness, wisdom, clemency, and penetration.

" When the time of his departure came, he requested us to form a friendly relation, and correspond with you, and to prohibit the exportation of slaves by our merchants to Attager, Dahomi, and Ashantee. We agreed with him upon this, on account of the good which will result from it, both to you and to us; and that a vessel of yours is to come to the harbour of Racka with two cannons, and the quantities of powder, shot, &c. which they require; as also, a number of muskets. We will then send our officer to arrange and settle every thing with your consul, and fix a certain period for the arrival of your merchant ships; and when they come, they may traffic and deal with our merchants.

" Then after their return, the consul may reside in that harbour (viz. Racka), as protector, in company with our agent there, if God be pleased."

After leaving Sackatoo, our enterprising countryman encountered intolerable fatigues, and escaped from imminent dangers. At the end of only three days, he tells us—" A

number of the poor natives on foot, who had taken advantage of the escort to pass through this part of the country, overcome with fatigue and thirst, sat down never to rise more. One of my servants, a native of Kano, dropped down apparently dead, after taking a draught of water, of which the negroes drink an immense quantity. Indeed, I may safely say, they drink six times the quantity that Europeans do."

Next day,— " Being separated from the whole of the caravan, except one Arab merchant, I lay down by the side of my horse, and my servants gave me a few small yellow plums they had picked up, which relieved both my hunger and thirst. I now slept soundly on the ground until daybreak, when we continued our journey to the eastward, without following any regular track, and soon came up with several stragglers from the caravan and escort, who, overcome with fatigue, had lain down in the night, and were now pursuing their way, most of them almost unable to speak from excessive thirst. The horsemen were dismounted, their horses having either died, or being too weak to bear their riders, who were driving them before them. At ten o'clock we fell in with the road to Gondamee, and at noon halted on the south bank of the river Futche. We found that very few had arrived there before us, and, reposing ourselves under the shade of some trees, we despatched some country people with water to our fellow-travellers in the rear, who continued to drop in one after another till sunset. At first we ate and drank rather sparingly ourselves, and were also particularly careful to prevent our cattle from injuring themselves by drinking too much water at a time. Notwithstanding our distressed condition, the Felatahs keep the fast of the Rhamadan so strictly, they would not taste water till after sunset.

" May 7.—On mustering the kafila at daylight, we found that nine men and six horses had perished on the road."

On the 10th the traveller got to Zirmee, the capital of the province of Zamfara, which " occupies a peninsula formed by the river, which has here very high and steep banks, covered with mimosas and prickly bushes, through which a narrow, winding path leads to the gates of the town. It is surrounded by a wall and dry ditch: the wall is of clay, from twenty to thirty-feet high. The governor, named Turnee, is considered a brave man, but bears also the character of a perfect freebooter; and the inhabitants altogether are reputed to be the greatest rogues in Haussa. My servants were cautioned by Dumboje not to quit the house after sunset, as every black without a beard (to use their expression for a young man) was liable to be seized, gagged, and carried off to some of the neighbouring villages for sale. Runaway slaves, from all parts of Haussa, fly to Zirmee as an asylum, where they are always welcome; and the inhabitants in general have a remarkably reckless, independent look."

On the 10th of June the Kafila arrived at Murmur, and on the 11th Captain C. took up his old quarters at Kalagum. Here, conversing with Hameda, an intelligent native, "the conversation turning on the trustworthiness of slaves, he mentioned to me, that his servants never knew in what apartment of his house he slept; and that he even lay with a dagger, and loaded pistols, under his pillow, lest he should be murdered by his female slaves. He also acquainted me, that almost all the Arabs did the same; for it was chiefly females whom they had reason to fear, the master being

often strangled at night by the women of his household."

Breakfasting with the governor, before setting out for Bornou, the meal " consisted of a sheep's head, singed in the same manner as is practised in Scotland—a sheep's fry—and bread and milk."

During his absence, Dr. Oudney's grave had been profaned by some natives, and M. Tyrwhit had fallen a sacrifice to the climate. With this ends the very interesting expedition from Bornou to Sackatoo and back: the fruits of which are now, we trust, being gathered.

#### *Lives of the Norths, &c.*

THE short abridgment from this work which follows in our present number, relates to Lord Guilford, when on the Northern Circuit, and serves only to finish the notice begun in our last, which want of room then obliged us to omit. It is still our purpose to take up other portions of these entertaining Memoirs more at length: indeed each of the three biographers furnishes matter of very different kinds.

" His lordship's entertainment at Newcastle was very agreeable, because it went most upon the trades of the place, as coal-mines, salt-works, and the like, with the wonders that belonged to them; and the magistrates were solicitous to give him all the diversion they could, and one was, the going down to Tynemouth castle in the town barge. The equipment of the vessel was very stately, for a-head there sat a four or five-drone bagpipe, the north-country organ, and a trumpeter astern; and so we rowed merrily along. The making salt I thought the best sight we had there. The other entertainment was a supper in the open air, upon an island in the Tyne, somewhat above the town, and all by the way of ligg and sit upon the ground; but provisions for a camp, and wine, of all sorts, very fine. In short, all circumstances taken together—the cool of the evening—the verdant flat of the island, with wood dispersed upon it, and water curling about us—view of the hills on both sides of the river—the good appetites—best provisions—and a world of merry stories of the Scots (which, by the way, makes a great part of the wit in those parts), made the place very agreeable, where every one walked after his fancy, and all were pleased. \* \* \*

" The county of Northumberland hath been exceedingly infested with thieving of cattle, which is the remains of the Border trade, since the union with Scotland, after the way used, in time of peace, before. For as, in Italy, the murderer, running into the next territory, was safe: so here they stole on either side, and the other, under a different jurisdiction, was an asylum. This was so great a mischief, that all the considerable farm-houses (the houses of gentlemen were castles, of course) were built of stone, in the manner of a square tower, with an overhanging battlement, and, underneath, the cattle were lodged every night. In the upper room the family lodged, and when the alarm came, they went up to the top, and, with hot water and stones from the battlement, fought in defence of their cattle. The advantage of the union was so great to these countries, that the Lord Grey of Wark's estate, which, before, was not above 1000*l.* per annum, hath since risen to 7 or 8000*l.*, which is, at least, a sixfold improvement. After the union, to prevent this thieving trade, the crown sent commissioners of oyer and terminer, directed to an equal number of English and Scotch, extending to certain limits on each side of the Border; and, being continued, it is

therefore called the Border commission. And these meet in their sessions, and hang up at another rate than the assizes; for we were told that, at one sessions, they hanged eighteen for not reading *sicut clericis*.—This hath made a considerable reform; but yet there is need of an officer they call a country keeper, who hath a salary from the country, and is bound to make good all the stolen cattle, unless found out and restored. When his lordship was there, one Mr. Widdrington was keeper, with 500*l.* per annum salary. The country is yet very sharp upon thieves; and a violent suspicion, there, is next to conviction. When his lordship held the assizes at Newcastle, there was one Mungo Noble (supposed to be a great thief) brought to trial before his lordship, upon four several indictments; and his lordship was so much a south-country judge, as not to think any of them well proved. One was for stealing a horse of a person unknown; and the evidence amounted to no more than that a horse was seen feeding upon the heath near his shiel (which is a cottage made in open places of turf and flag), and none could tell who was the owner of it. In short, the man escaped, much to the regret of divers gentlemen, who thought he deserved to be hanged; and that was enough. While the judge, at the trial, disengaged of the evidence and its defects, a Scotch gentleman upon the bench, who was a Border commissioner, made a long neck towards the judge, and, 'My laird,' said he, 'send him to huzz, and ye's neer see him mere.' This country was then much troubled with Bedlamers. One was tried before his lordship for killing another of his own trade, whom he surprised asleep, and with his great staff knocked on the head; and then bragged that he had given him 'a sark full of sore bones.' that is, a shirt full of sore bones. He would not plead to the country, because there were horsekeepers amongst them, till the press was ready; and then he pleaded, and was, at last, hanged. They were a great nuisance in the country, frightening the people in their houses, and taking what they listed: so that a small matter, with the countrymen, would do such a fellow's business.—From Newcastle, his lordship's route lay to Carlisle. The Northumberland sheriff gave us all arms; that is, a dagger, knife, pen-knife, and fork, all together. And because the hideous road along by the Tyne, for the many and sharp turnings, and perpetual precipices, was for a coach, not sustained by main force, impassable, his lordship was forced to take horse, and to ride most part of the way to Hexham. We were shewed where coal-mines burnt under ground; but could discern nothing of it, besides the deadness of all plants there. We were shewed the Picts' wall; but it appeared only as a range, or bank of stones all overgrown with grass, not unlike the bank of the Devil's Ditch at Newmarket, only without any hollow, and nothing near so big. Here his lordship saw the true image of a Border country. The tenants of the several manors are bound to guard the judges through their precinct; and out of it they would not go, no, not an inch, to save the souls of them. They were a comical sort of people, riding upon nags, as they call their small horses, with long beards, cloaks, and long broad-swords, with basket hilts, hanging in broad belts, that their legs and swords almost touched the ground; and every one, in his turn, with his short cloak, and other equipage, came up cheek by jowl, and talked with my lord judge. His lordship was very well pleased with their discourse; for they

were great antiquarians in their own bounds. We came, at length, to Hexham, formerly a metropolis of a famous shire of that name. From the entertainment and lodging there, it might be mistaken; but whether for a Scotch, or for a Welsh town, may be a nice point for the experienced to determine. The rest of the country to Carlisle was more pleasant and direct; and, bating hunger and thirst, which will not be quenched by any thing to be fastened upon there, but what the bounty of the skies affords, was passed over with content. At Carlisle, nothing extraordinary occurred, but good ale and small beer, which was supplied to their lordships from the prebends' houses; and they boasted of brewing it at home: but, being asked with what malt? they made answer, that it was south-country malt. For, to say truth, the big (viz. a four-rowed barley) is seldom ripe; and the oats, which they call yeats, are commonly first covered with snow."

Early newspapers are curiously described at this period; and with this extract we now close first volume.

"It was in this circuit that, as his lordship passed along, divers gentlemen shewed him circular news letters that came to them; and he perceived that the scope of these was to misrepresent and misconstrue all the public transactions of state, and might have been properly styled fanatic news letters, contrived and despatched to divers places to stir up sedition. And upon his lordship's inquiry, he was told that they came from Mr. Coleman, then the Duke of York's secretary. His lordship, at his return, made a representation to the king of this news letter from such a person, and the ill consequences of it. Whereupon Mr. Coleman was turned out of the duke's service; but never much blamed; for he was afterwards made the Duchess of York's secretary. Which shews two things: 1. That notwithstanding all the fanatic noise, at that time, against popery, the papists and fanatics joined in proceedings to weaken and destroy the established government. 2. That what Coleman did was by direction, founded upon the policy of the Roman Catholic party, at that time."

#### SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*The Little World of Knowledge, arranged numerically. Designed for Exercising the Memory, and as an Introduction to the Arts and Sciences, History, Natural Philosophy, Belles Lettres, &c. &c.* By C. M. Hunt. 12mo. pp. 364. London, 1826. Longman and Co.

We owe, by anticipation, a debt of gratitude to this little volume; for we are sure that many youthful students, by beginning with it, will come to be our best friends as readers of the *Literary Gazette*. Novel in its plan, excellent in its principle, and most praiseworthy in its execution, this *Little World of Knowledge* is truly what it professes to be, or rather more,—for beyond being a mere introduction, it is an able instructor in arts, sciences, history, natural philosophy, and literature. At these Midsummer holidays, we cannot render a more grateful service to parents than to tell them that such a work is just published. By arranging the subjects according to numbers, from *one* to *twelve*, sometimes conventionally, and at other times agreeably to distinct facts, the author has furnished a valuable clue to the memory, and contrived to fasten the immense multitude of things contained in this small book more permanently, than by any other form with which we are acquainted, upon the mind. The matter is also of a very superior character.

There is of course, necessarily, a great deal of compilation; but most of the subjects are placed in strong new lights, and some have original intelligence, brought to bear upon them, of the first order. Above all, the purity of the sentiments, the good moral feeling of every page, and the uncommon mass of information upon almost all the themes which ought to engage the attention of the young of both sexes, to be of use to them throughout their lives, recommend this volume to our warmest panegyric, and will, we are sure, procure us the thanks of every family to whom that panegyric may introduce it.

*Letters from Cockney Lands.* 12mo. pp. 93. Ebers.

An advertisement to this volume offers a very gratuitous, undistinguishing insult to the press: the author, as he states, publishes anonymously, lest he should be considered a dangerous character, if known to be connected with it, and thus forfeit his present relations with society. What these relations are we know not; but we deem it to be a dastardly and sneaking thing to do ought of which one is ashamed under the mask of concealment; and therefore, if the writer felt that he was forfeiting his rank in life by this composition, he has not mended his case by adding cowardice to crime. But in truth the book is a very harmless production: it is shaped like poetry, but is not; and if meant to be very severe and satirical, is quite the reverse.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR JULY.

"Great source of day! best image here below  
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,  
From world to world, the vital ocean round,  
On Nature write with every beam *His* praise."

1st day. The sun's diameter will be at its minimum of 31° 30" 10", its maximum being 32° 34" 16". This diminution and increase of the angle under which it is seen, proves that the earth varies its distance from the centre of motion, at the winter solstice being nearer, and at the summer solstice farther from, the sun; or, in other words, that its orbit is not circular, but elliptical.

22d day. 23 hrs. 35'. The sun enters Leo, according to the fixed zodiac, though his true place in the heavens on this day will be in the centre of Cancer.

During the past month several spots were traversing the sun's disc, three of which were arranged in the form of an isosceles triangle, the two which formed the base being very close together. 28 ult. A very large spot appeared on the eastern limb, and will continue for several days to afford a good opportunity for observing that change of form which the solar spots assume during the sun's rotation.

The moon will be in conjunction with

	D. H. M.
Saturn . . . .	3 15 0
Mercury . . . .	5 22 30
Venus . . . .	7 9 15
Jupiter . . . .	9 6 15
Mars . . . .	13 13 0
Saturn . . . .	30 5 20

12th day. Venus 10 digits west of her disc illuminated; apparent diameter 12". 9th day. 9 hrs. 29' 12". An eclipse of the first satellite of Jupiter, the only one that will be visible during the month, owing to the close approximation of this plant to the solar rays.

The most conspicuous celestial appearances during the month are the evening stars, Mars, Jupiter, and Venus; the two latter are fast advancing towards each other, and on the evening of the 31st will set with their splendour

nearly combined: their closest appulse, however, will not occur till the following morning, 31 d. 20 h. 39', when Venus will be only 1° 52' 30" separate from Jupiter. To observe this interesting conjunction, the telescope must be directed due east, with an elevation of 9 degrees, when Venus will be seen north of Jupiter.

Uranus is now in as favourable a situation as we can expect to see him, on account of his considerable southern declination. He is still in Sagittarius, and will transit the meridian at an altitude of 16°, as follows:

1st day. 12 h. 57 min. 11 day. 12 h. 14 min.  
21 day. 11 h. 32 min.

The zodiacal constellation Scorpio now distinguishes the southern part of the heavens early in the evening, the brightest star of which is Antares, or Cor Scorpionis, and shines with a deep red light, passing the meridian, at an altitude of 12° 27' 50". The ancient poets of Greece pretend that this was the Scorpion sent by Diana to wound Orion for usurping her office. Ovid tells us that this reptile was produced to punish the vanity of Orion for having vaunted, that there was no animal in existence that he could not conquer. There is however some rationality in tracing the elevation of the Scorpion to the heavens, as indicative of the sickness that usually follows autumnal fruits, and is very fitly represented by the Scorpion which wounds with its tail as it recedes. Hence it was called the accursed constellation. When Antares is on the meridian Capricornus rises S.E. by E., the head and shoulders of Aquarius are above the horizon, between the E. and E.S.E.; the N. is immediately between Algol and Capella; Regulus is W. by N. 8° above the horizon; Arcturus and Spica Virginis are between the zenith and S.W.; a line drawn from the zenith upon the E.S.E. will pass between Lyra and Althair in Aquila, and another line between the zenith and E. by N. will pass over Aridab in Cygnus, and Markab in Pegasus.

Deptford.

J. T. B.

For the following curious, and (in this weather we may add) gratifying calculation, we are indebted to a kind correspondent.

Your elderly readers may not be alarmed at the present hot weather, I send you a few observations on the comparative mortality which prevails among aged people at different periods of the year. It is just possible that some of those who peruse your valuable Journal may think those results curious; but, whether or no, if there should be among them any valetudinarians, who fancy that the warm time of year is more unfavourable to health than the cold, they will, perhaps, be convinced of their error by what follows.

I had occasion lately to note down the mortality which occurred in the last sixteen years among a great number of people, mostly in the upper ranks of life, and all of them above 50 years of age, three-fourths of them, moreover, being females. There died among them 1,236 persons; of whom, in the month of

		Per diem.
May	102	or . . . . .
June	86	3,2903
July	84	3,4866
August	91	3,5354
September	81	2,7000
October	103	3,3225
November	81	2,7000
December	127	4,0967
January	117	3,7741
February	128	4,5714
March	123	3,9677
April	113	3,7666
Total	1,236	

So that the months in the order of their insularity would be as follow:

If the deaths which happen in September be assumed  
at . . . . . 10,000 per day,

The daily deaths would by proportion be, for

Per day.

November	10,000
July	10,635
June	10,617
August	10,675
May	12,075
October	12,305
April	13,050
January	13,978
March	14,632
December	15,173
February	16,931

But as the number of deaths on which we have to reason is not very considerable, we may come to a better average by taking two months together. Thus,

In the	Died.	Per day.
61 days of May and June	188	or . . . . . 3,0615
62 . . . July and August	175	2,8225
61 . . . Sept. and October	184	3,0164
In the 184 days of this half year	547	2,9727
In the 61 days of Nov. and Dec.	208	3,4068
59 . . . Jan. and Feb.	245	4,1525
61 . . . March and April	236	3,9668
In the 181 days of this half year	689	3,9065

Wherefore, if

The daily deaths in May and June be assumed at 10,918  
The daily deaths in July and August will be . . . . . 10,000  
September and October . . . . . 10,635  
November and December . . . . . 12,075  
January and February . . . . . 14,711  
March and April . . . . . 13,706

And, on the whole, the deaths of the summer and autumn months will be to the deaths of the winter and spring months, as 10,000 is to 12,555.

I remain, dear sir, yours very truly,  
28 June, 1826. J. F.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

The meetings of the Society ended for the season on Wednesday, the 21st of June, and we resume our pen in order to complete the account of its proceedings which we have been able to lay before the public.

Meeting of May 17.

The MS. read was by Col. Leake, (one of the most zealous contributors to the Society's valuable papers,) containing remarks, descriptive and historical, on an inscription brought from the neighbourhood of Priene. In characters of the common form, the inscription is,

ΤΟΙ ΑΙΓΑΙΩΝΙ ΤΗΙ ΠΡΙΗΑΗΙ Μ'ΑΝΕΘΚΕΝ

ΗΦΑΙΣΤΩΝ.

These letters are written from right to left (a form usual in very ancient inscriptions), upon a small bronze figure of a hare, represented as wounded with an arrow, and throwing back its head in the agony of death. Some ingenious historical observations were offered by Col. Leake, respecting the word ΠΡΙΗΑΗΙ; which he regards as the Ionic dative of ΠΡΙΗΝΕΣ; and he endeavours to reconcile the use of that form with the existence of some inscriptions of Priene, of the time of Alexander, in which the name is written ΠΡΙΑΝΕΙΖ, by shewing the probability, that, at the liberation of the Greek cities by that monarch, in compliment to the Argive origin of the Macedonians, the Prienenses renewed, for a time, the memory of their Boeotian descent, by adopting some of the Aeolic terminations in their public acts.

Apollo was the patron god of hunters; and although no account remains of a temple dedicated to that deity at Priene, yet Mount Mycale, upon the slope of which the city stood, is

particularly mentioned by Homer among the situations in which he delighted.—(*Hym. in Apoll.* v. 46.)

Meeting of June 7.

The Society was this day indebted to the same member, in conjunction with the Right Hon. C. Yorke, for the presentation of drawings of some of the most remarkable Egyptian monuments in the British Museum, and other collections; those specimens having been selected which exhibit shields, or linear enclosures, that have been ascertained to possess a phonetic meaning, i. e. to contain the titles and proper names of the sovereigns to whom the inscriptions principally relate. An explanation founded upon the system of Messrs. Champollion and Salt, accompanied these extremely interesting drawings.

Their number was twenty; each comprising a variety of figures: Nos. 1 to 11 chiefly from Mr. Salt's collection in the British Museum; 12, 13, and 14, from the collection at Cambridge, the two former presented by Dr. Clarke, the latter by Belzoni; 17, 18, and 19, selected from a great number of shields copied by Lieut. Lewis of the royal navy, lately returned from Egypt.

To the above some other valuable communications were appended, viz. No. I. Extracts of a Letter from M. de Champollion to the Rev. G. A. Browne, of Trin. College, Cambridge, on the subject of the name (*Rameses*) inscribed on the lid of the sarcophagus (drawing 14), brought by Belzoni from one of the sepulchres at Thebes, and presented by him to that University.

No. II. Several inedited Greek Inscriptions, lately brought from Egypt, and considered to be of importance as guides to the further elucidation of Egyptian Letters. 1. Inscribed upon the leg of a Colossal figure in front of the great temple of Ebsambul, thirty miles below the second cataract of the Nile, by Psammeticus, son of Theocles, a Greek settler from Curis, and his companions, for the purpose of commemorating an expedition which they had accomplished to the second cataract. This inscription was transcribed by Mr. W. Bankes. 2. Six Inscriptions copied at Dakke, by Mr. Henry Lewis. They prove that place to have been the site of Pselcis, and the identity of the Egyptian deity Paugnophis with the Grecian Hermes. 3. An Inscription copied by the late Mr. — Cooke, from the royal sepulchre of Thebes, communicated to Colonel Leake by Mr. Lewis.

No. III. Catalogue of the 18th Dynasty of the Kings of Egypt, (in which most of the names contained in the shields occur,) as arranged by M. de Champollion; together with Manetho's Catalogue of the same Dynasty, from *Josephus*, lib. 1, cont. *Appian*.

OXFORD, June 24.—On Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:

*Bachelor of Divinity.*—The Rev. D. Lewis, M.A. of Magdalen Hall, in this University, and of Twickenham, Middlesex: and on Friday, D.D.

*Masters of Arts.*—Rev. C. Buck, St. Edmund Hall; Rev. W. H. Cartwright, Trinity College.

*Bachelor of Arts.*—J. Godfrey, Brasenose College.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### EXHIBITIONS.

MOST of our annual exhibitions are now on the eve of closing, including the Royal Academy, Society of British Artists, and Society of Painters in Water Colours. In the latter, we omitted to notice No. 90, *A Scene from King Lear*, by T. M. Wright, and a work which proves that this artist is as able to cope

with the elevated as with the familiar or comic, in dramatic composition. By this picture he has taken a higher ground in art than he previously occupied. The design is good, the execution beautiful, and the colouring rich and harmonious.

On Monday we were gratified with a view of the BRITISH GALLERY when lighted up. We will not speak of the company, though it was distinguished by the rank and talent of which it was chiefly constituted; but the effect of this superb collection, seen, as it were, under a new atmosphere, and reflecting other colours from those of day, is well worthy of notice. Rembrandt's darkly rich tones sent back rays of wonderful power to the chandelier which lent them the reflecting medium. Schalken's curious varieties of artificial light also assimilated finely with the glare around; and R. da Hooge (No. 8) preserved his dazzling brightness unimpaired. A still more gratifying sight it was to see our countryman, Sir Joshua, maintain his superior rank amid this mass of excellence. His *Iphigenia* looked splendid; and the portrait of Lord Rockingham, one of the most finished productions of his easel, shewed that it could stand every test, and be admirable through them all. Zoffani's works appeared remarkably well; and, 142, a picture of *A Woman Suckling a Child*, by W. Mieris the younger, which had struck us much by its taste and feeling in former visits to the Gallery, now lost none of its attractions, as one of the finest specimens of the school to which it belongs, being expressive without vulgarity, and familiar without coarseness. The *Jan Steens*, with all their executive merits, are not to be more prized as paintings; and they too generally want the redeeming graces which this sweet little piece so abundantly displays. Few of the landscapes improve by the change from sun to candle-illumination,—and this may be a proof of their genuine character; for we all know how badly a wood looks with a lanthorn, and how glittering and unnatural any natural scene is when viewed, in fêtes, by flambeaux or festooned lamps. The singular *Interior of a Convent*, by Grenet, also succumbed to the incongenial refusals: its peculiar transparencies and reflections were lost. But altogether,—whether to admire the increase of new, or to regret the diminution of old, beauties,—this Exhibition was one of uncommon interest and delight.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WE shall not be accused of giving an undue preference if we place at the head of this article (intended to resume the notice of recent publications in Art, which our attention to more temporary Exhibitions has of late rather interrupted or abridged) *Belshazzar's Feast*, painted and engraved by John Martin, and inscribed to the King. The splendid work of imagination, of which this plate is a faithful transcript in mezzotint, justly contributed to exalt the fame even of the artist who had previously produced *Joshua causing the Sun to stand still*, *Babylon*, and other grand conceptions of genius. However admirable these were, in the general opinion they were surpassed by the picture before us, emitting, as it does, poetry of the highest order, sublimity in the leading ideas, and a vast variety of adequate interest in all the subordinate parts. In the engraving the great effects are well preserved; the awful and supernatural light of the handwriting on the wall—the agitation and terror of the multitude in the hall of Jupiter Belus—the dark and finely-arranged masses of architecture,

frowning on the magnificent confusion below—the perspective range into the Hall of Venus, where the reckless dance proceeds unconscious of approaching terrors—and the noble crowning distance of hanging gardens and temples of Bel and Babel,—are all combined with striking power, and do honour to the mind which embodied this mighty conception of a scene when the Almighty declared to the Assyrian monarch, by his prophet Daniel,—“*Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin.*”

“These words reveal  
That lot on which the Eternal set his seal:—  
Thy kingdom number'd, and thy glory flown,  
The Mede and Persian revel on thy throne:—  
Dark, fearful portents hover in the air:—  
No sign of grace, no flash of mercy there.”

*Views in Russia, Sweden, Poland, and Germany.* Drawn by the Rev. J. T. James, A.M.—No. I. J. Murray.

THESE characteristic views, slightly executed on stone, whence the impression is taken off on a bluish grey paper, and coloured, have all the appearance of fine water-colour drawings. It is seldom that we see performances of so much beauty and spirit published in this way; for any of the prints would, if framed, adorn a drawing-room. The subjects are selected by Mr. James to illustrate his interesting travels; to which, indeed, they impart a great additional value. The first is the Field of Borodino, from one of the three Russian batteries; the town is in the distance, and the foreground marked by the figures of two peasants, and the board which was fastened upon a post to shew where General Montrouz was killed: 2, is a scene in the Kilaigorod, Moscow, a specimen of Russian architecture: 3, is the Kremlin, which is still a finer specimen: and 4, an interior of the Dannemora Iron Mine, near Upsala, in Sweden, a prodigious chasm, with miners, midway in the basket, and others employed below. This work, we expect, will be found very acceptable to amateurs in the Fine Arts; and we hope it will meet the encouragement it so well deserves.

*Othello relating the History of his Life to Brabantio and Desdemona.* Painted by Fradelle; scraped in Mezzotint by W. Say. To this subject Mr. Say has done the utmost justice: nothing can improve his mode of expressing what the painter has done, if we except a certain degree of blackness in some of the accessories, and especially in the drapery on Othello's chair. But we confess that the picture itself never pleased us much: we consider it to be one of the least successful of Mr. Fradelle's compositions. The attitude of Othello is tame and constrained, yet affected: Brabantio's head is an academic study; and even the gentle Desdemona is more insipid than could have been wished.

*The Beauties of the Rhine; in a Series of Twelve Lithographic Views, drawn from Nature, and executed by Robert Mackrell.* Published by M. Colnaghi; G. B. Whittaker; and W. Ginger. Nos. I. and II. THE picturesque Ruins of Baden Castle; the still more superb edifice of Heidelberg Castle; a sweet view of Frankfort; and another curious print of Salmon Fishing as practised on the Rhine, fill the first of these selections: the second is occupied with Mayence, St. Goar, and the Ruins of Rheinfels, Boppard, and the Ruins of Stolzenfels. There is no want of variety in these pleasing scenes; and, for execution, they do credit to the art of lithography, which is well suited to such subjects. St. Goar is par-

\* Seatonian Prize Poem, by the Rev. T. S. Hughes, of Emanuel's.

ticularly deserving of being pointed out as a fine example both for choice in the view, disposition of the objects, and clearness of the engraving. The whole series affords a good notion of Rhenish scenery.

*Portrait of Edward Jenner, M.D., &c. from a Painting by Hobday; the Engraving begun by the late W. Sharp, and finished by W. Skelton. R. Ackermann.*

THIS portrait, engraved in the line manner, in a bold and broad style, preserves the rather unintellectual features of a very distinguished benefactor of the human race. There is much of individuality about the physiognomy, so that (not knowing the original) we are inclined to think it a good likeness.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### MORALISING.

I CANNOT count the changes of my heart,  
So often has it turned away from things  
Once idle of its being.—The departing  
Hours, fancies, joys, illusions—If wings  
Were given from their former selves to start:  
Or if they linger, longer life but brings  
Weariness, canker, hollowness, and stain,  
Till the heart says of pleasure, it is pain.

And thus it is with all that made life fair:—  
Gone with the freshness which they used to  
wear,  
‘Tis sad to mark the ravage which the heart  
Makes of itself,—how one by one depart  
The colours that formed hope. We seek—we  
find—  
And find the charm has with the search de-  
clined.  
Affections—pleasures—all in which we trust,—  
What do they end in?—Nothing, or disgust.

• \* \* \* •  
Think no more of that sweet time,  
When the heart and cheek were young,—  
Think no more of that sweet time  
Ere the veil from life was flung.  
Still the cheek shews the young rose,  
Which its beauty had of yore;  
But the bloom upon the heart  
Is no more.

We have mingled with the false,  
Till belief has lost the charm  
Which it had when life was new,  
And the pulse of feeling warm.  
We have had the bosom wrung  
When dropt the mask which Friendship  
wore,—  
Affection's trusting happiness  
Is no more.

We have seen the young and gay  
Dying as the aged die;  
Miss we not the cheerful voice?—  
Miss we not the sunny eye?—  
Wishes take the place of Hope;—  
Hope hath dreamed till dreams are o'er;—  
Its freshness made life fresh, and that  
Is no more.

Take away yon purple bowl;—  
What is left to greet it now?—  
Loathing lip that turns away,  
Sullen eye, and weary brow;—  
Social joys that wont to laugh,—  
Mirth that lit its purple store;—  
Friends with whom we poured its wealth,—  
Are no more.

L. E. L.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

MRS. MATTOCKS, the actress so long and so deservedly a public favourite, especially in *soubrette* characters, after having long retired from the stage, died on the 25th ult. at Ken-

sington. In private life she was highly esteemed; and though very far advanced in years at the period of her decease, her loss will be deeply regretted not only by her near relatives, but by a considerable circle of friends, to whom her good qualities had greatly endeared her.

KARAMSIN, one of the most distinguished authors whom Russia has produced, died lately in that country. His historical works have spread his fame throughout Europe.

It is stated in the newspapers that Mr. Bish has become the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, and that Mr. Bunn is to be the manager. It is to be hoped that ample funds on the one part, and experience, talent, and activity, on the other, will combine to raise the Drama from its existing degradation.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

##### PAUL PRY ON HIS TRAVELS.—*Letter XII.*

If I do not return to England with millions of francs in my pockets, it must be my own fault, for surely in no place in the world are "magnificent" fortunes to be made in the twinkling of an eye as at Paris. People may say what they please of the hatred of the French towards Englishmen: in this letter the lie direct will be given to all such assertions; as I shall clearly prove that the French are extremely fond of the English in every respect, and shew them every flattering mark of attention and preference. A lady permitted my son Paul to make her a present of a beautiful India shawl, which she declared she would not have received from any of her countrymen; and I believe her. My landlady admired my brooch because it was English, and I gave it her, because I was English too.

All the tradesmen prefer working for the English, and the hotel-keepers always delight in having their apartments filled with English. Even the Louvre is open to the English when the French are not admitted. And when I was presented to his most Christian majesty, I found in the saloon of the ambassador, coffee, chocolate, biscuits, Malaga, and Madeira, things unknown at our levees, and even at the French court, when the French go there. This makes us like the French very much: the deference they shew us merits our gratitude: but the facts shall speak for themselves.

Out of compliment to our nation, I have had at least an hundred proposals for me to make my fortune, by embarking in speculations certain of success. I will mention a few of them.

One person came and offered me a collection of pictures which had belonged to King Murat: they had been valued by experts, or sworn brokers, at 120,000 francs, but he generously offered them to me for 90,000, by which I was sure to make, as he justly observed, a fortune in England: but as I am no judge of pictures, I was obliged to decline his offer, and I was told afterwards that the poor creature had been under the necessity of selling them to his own countrymen for 10,000. I was obliged to take an extra bottle, three nights running, to drown my regret at occasioning, by my refusal, a loss of eight-ninths of the value of his collection. I don't know what was in my head towards this poor man, for he was sincerely attached to me, and proved it on another occasion. He called one morning, his eyes sparkling with joy:—"Mr. Pry, I can make your fortune."—"I am very glad of it: pray how?"—

"Why, in the first case, you must pledge yourself to secrecy, for I would not commun-

cate the thing to any Frenchman breathing: I have discovered a method of ruining the Bank of France; it will only cost 8,000 pounds sterling, and we shall put millions in our pocket."—"Why, sir, that is indeed a glorious scheme: but as my friend M. Lafite is at the head of the Bank, I have some scruples as to ruining a man who makes so good a use of his princely revenues." He then came forward with the handsome proposal to communicate the secret, if I consented to advance the 8,000. : I should have half the profits; and if I did not like the plan, I should only forfeit 2,000. for prying into the matter. As I had not exactly the 2,000. by me, and believed that paying in meal or in malt came to the same thing, I offered to communicate to him ten projects, and if he did not like to act upon them, I would only demand 200. each forfeit, which would pay the other forfeit of 2,000. ; but he was a seller not a buyer of projects, and so it all fell to the ground.

Another Frenchman called on me: he had a long, beautifully-written memoir, and a well-executed map, with models of shares, or actions, as he called them. His project was to bring into cultivation the *Landes* of Bordeaux, comprising, I understand, two or three million acres. These *Landes* are bogs and quicksands: but, as my projector very properly observed, neither the bogs nor quicksands go to the centre of the earth; and all we have to do is to dig till we get through them. The plan merits the support of every philanthropist, as it will afford employment to every person willing to work: for, supposing there be only two millions of acres, and we have only to dig ten feet deep, that will occupy the mendicant population until a war comes to take it off. "I am quite of your opinion, sir, that this would find work for all hands; but what would you do with the sand and bog of two millions of acres, ten feet deep?"—"We are not quite decided as to that point: one of the projectors proposed to form with it a dyke between Dover and Calais, but this was overruled; and we have an idea of applying to Mr. Perkins, to see if he cannot, by his steam-gun, throw it into the air with such effect, that the centrifugal shall equal the centripetal force, and thus create another moon for the earth, with a colony of Gascons on it to form a new world. The time chosen for propelling it might be so arranged, that it should keep alternate watch with the old moon, so that we should have moonlight all the year round, from sunset to sunrise. You, Mr. Pry, can, I am sure, find plenty of English capitalists ready to embark in this most splendid undertaking, which would be the best scheme ever thought of for England, as you would only have to send over your poor to Bordeaux, and thus, by one grand measure, get rid of all the poor-rates throughout the kingdom. All I ask in return is, for the farmers, &c. to take shares in the enterprise, to the amount of one year's poor-rates only; and as you will necessarily be of great use to us in this, and as your name will inspire confidence, I mean you to be secretary-general, with an appointment of 2,000. per annum, and shares, gratis, to the amount of 100,000."—I was obliged to renounce this splendid project, on account of a previous engagement in London, which would entirely disable me from filling the office of secretary: however, my friend has had the extreme kindness to keep it open for any countryman I may please to honour with my protection.

Another projector made me a most generous offer: he had been in correspondence with his

Grace the Duke of Wellington respecting a cannon of his invention, and which correspondence he shewed me. The cannon was to be made of cast iron, which he had discovered the art of making tougher than wrought iron: this invention rendered iron cannon stronger and lighter than brass cannon of the same calibre. His Grace had invited him to go over to England, to cast a cannon there on his principle, which might be tried, but he declined the offer, being unable to understand a word of English; and, as the materials would have to be furnished him by our men, the secret would be discovered. He had, it appears, asked the duke 100,000. for the discovery; but he generously offered it to me for twenty pounds ready money, on my promising to give him half the profits. You will readily conceive that I could not consent to profit in this way by the present necessities of the inventor, and referred him to his Grace for the hundred thousand pounds. He appeared offended, and went off in a huff; but such was his forgiving temper, that he soon forgot my refusal, and, bent on serving me in spite of myself, sent to me a person, bearer of a note to the following purport:—

"SIR.—The bear is a gret Kemique, and has made a most emportant discoveré, wich he vil commune to you: it has borne the taste of experience. I beg you to see in this communication the extreme desire that I has of do vat may be agreeable to you, and proving the respect and igh consideration with wch I have the honour to be,

#### "CALLETT."

The bearer was literally covered with rags; and I suppose he belonged to some distinguished family which had preserved the practice of sending their linen to St. Domingo to be washed, and that contrary winds had compelled him to wear a shirt a month longer than usual. I did not ask him if this were the case, because I am by no means curious.

"Well, sir, what is the nature of your discovery?"—"Look at that, sir," said he, "and tell me what it is;" at the same time handing me a small rod of metal. On examining the colour, density, and flexibility, I pronounced it to be lead. "It is lead, sir: and what metal is that?" handing me a tea-spoon. I looked at it, and seeing the *contrôle* (Hall mark), I said I conceived it to be silver. "It is so, sir: from lead like this I made that spoon."—"Well," said I, laughing, "the philosopher's stone is discovered at last."—"No, sir; I know nothing about the philosopher's stone: this is what I have done, and am able to do; as a proof of it look at this mint certificate." He now produced little pieces of metal of the shape and colour of the rod; they were wrapped in a paper purporting to be an assay, by an officer of the mint, of so many pieces of metal, weighing so many grammes, and containing seventeen parts of silver and one of gold. "Well, sir, what does this prove?"—"That I have found out the secret of converting lead into silver and gold."—"Well, and how can that concern me?"—"Sir, M. Vaquelin would give me two millions of francs to admit him as a partner; but I will have nothing to do with my countrymen; they are all rogues: so I have applied to you; it will only take 40,000 francs to establish the manufacture. I have them not to begin with: 20,000, or even 6000, would do, but that is the lowest."—"Sir, your invention is important beyond expression; and I cannot consent, by the advance of a few thousand francs, to rob you of the fruit of your labours; but there is half-a-crown for you to buy lead, which you will convert into silver

and gold, and with the produce pray purchase a few necessaries for your toilette, beginning with a cake of soap. When you have done this, come and see me again." My alchemist took the money; but, from the bursting of the crucibles, or some other cause, the *siller* does not seem to come in, for I saw him a month afterwards in the streets as dirty and ragged as ever.

The great hobby-horse of speculation at present, is the rendering Paris a *sea port*. The projectors are not quite agreed upon the sum necessary; some valuing it at a million and a half, and others at six to seven millions sterling. One or other of the plans will be adopted, and the canal completed in the year 2440, but not till then.

Paris, some time since, resembled a city stormed by an army of architects, and ground for building on has been sold in the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue de Castiglione at the rate of 100*l.* the *toste*, or square fathom, which makes the small sum of one hundred thousand pounds per acre! Innumerable houses have been pulled down and rebuilt. Newspaper writers said, that "all France ought to be centered in Paris, as all England was centered in London;" that London contains one-tenth of the population of the three kingdoms, whereas Paris does not contain the thirtieth part, ergo buildings ought to be erected to contain one-tenth part of the population, or nearly three millions of inhabitants. *Ab que c'est beau!* exclaimed the public; and soon every street was in the hands of the masons. Every patch of ground in the environs was to be converted into villages: half a dozen have been commenced, streets laid out, and a public house built, and a market, waiting for inhabitants. In the mean time, the three millions do not flock to Paris. The new houses are like lanterns, without one good room in them; no one will inhabit them; and at the present moment there are 50,000 houses and lodgings to let. Rents have not fallen much, because the landlords try to keep up the prices, but they must come down fifty per cent. If they wish to sell, it is only at a reduction of thirty to forty per cent that purchasers can be obtained. A property for which the owner refused twelve months since 4000*l.*, was sold the other day for 2,600*l.* The scarcity of money has lowered the prices of all kinds of merchandise in proportion.

#### MUSIC.

##### CONCERTS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the thinness of the town, on account of the elections, we were happy to see De Begnis's concert, at the Argyll Rooms, on Friday the 23d inst., so well attended; but it was not to be wondered at, when, on looking over the programme, we saw the names of most of the principal singers, and the titles of ten or twelve new pieces, which had not been introduced at any previous entertainment. These novelties were attractive, not only on account of their selection, but for another reason,—we were not bored with the same things we have been accustomed to hear for the last half dozen years, sung season after season by the same performers. All the singers were in excellent voice, and exerted themselves in this fine competition of talent to their utmost; particularly De Begnis, who treated his audience with a capital *scena buffa*, by Weigl, which was loudly encored. After the vocal performances were concluded, Signor Pistrucci, the Improvisatore, came forward, and after having very ably improvised the Flight of Medea, and the lamentation of her

parents, concluded with a very handsome compliment to Pasta, who was present,—“he had, as far as was in his power, tried to depict the grief of the father and mother; but whoever wished to see the genuine grief of Medea herself, must go to the Opera, and witness Pasta's beautiful representation of it.”

The new music was from Meyer, Guglielmi Meyerbeer, Portogallo, Weigl, Pacini, and Rossini: nor ought we in justice to conclude this notice without paying a compliment to the artist for whose benefit the concert was given. Few foreigners of the same class have ever recommended themselves more favourably to the British public by good manners, unassuming conduct, and great power of amusing, than Signor de Begnis.

MADAME VIGO, the wife of one of those Spaniards whom political causes have forced to seek refuge in this country, gave a concert on Wednesday last, in Gloucester Place. To a sweet voice she unites good taste and execution, especially in the simple melodies of her native land, which we never heard sung with more feeling and expression. Madame d'Anvers, Pellegrini Curioni, Fuzzi, on the horn, and Mr. S. Perez (who has lately returned to this country), at the piano, lent their aid for the gratification of the company; and some of the patriotic airs were received with stirring enthusiasm by a number of the Spanish refugees who were present, and who joined in the choruses with great animation. The scene was thus rendered of a very novel and interesting cast for a London concert.

#### DRAMA.

##### ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

TO-NIGHT the English Opera House opens with *Tarare*, and a strong and well-composed company. Mr. Arnold seems to be fully prepared both for music and light comedy; and we hear that he has several pieces of great promise, in both departments, ready to be produced. To his able and spirited management, which gave the first impulse, we owe the enjoyment of nearly all the musical improvement which has been so visible within the last twelve months; and we trust that the public will not only reward him for the past, but encourage him to future and equally successful exertions.

#### VARIETIES.

*Vipers.*—At this season of the year it may not be useless to state, that cupping continues to be very successfully practised in France in the cure of persons bit by vipers.

*Aerial Fishes.*—Two large balloons, in the shape of fish, which appeared to be animated, and to swim about as if in their native element, were sent up last week from the New Tivoli, at Paris, and occasioned great amusement to the inhabitants. They rose to an extraordinary height.

The most active preparations are making on the Calton Hill for commencing the building of two structures, which will prove a great ornament to the city. A considerable number of labourers are at present employed in levelling the ground to the east of the Miller's Knowe, preparatory to the commencement of building the new High School; and on the summit of the hill, where the site of the National Monument has been marked off, several labourers are clearing the ground previous to that great building being begun.—*Edinburgh Courant.*

*Ventose.*—A gentleman of the name of Solomon Gomes Dacosta informs us, that he can cast the nativities of the winds of heaven. He asserted at first that they come from the spots or lumps which appear on the moon; but he is now of opinion that they issue from the open spaces or vacuums. The whole seems to be a *puff*.

*Edinburgh.*—We animadverted some time since on the impropriety of allowing the picturesque beauty of Edinburgh to be injured by the demolition of Salisbury Crags, for the purpose of being converted into paving stones; and we rejoice to see, from an Edinburgh journal, that no less a personage than the King himself has interfered to prevent this spoliation and wrong to good taste. This is in perfect unison with his majesty's love for the fine arts; and it is delightful to observe that nothing which tends to the grace and ornament of the country escapes his attention.

*Wine.*—A great portion of the wines of 1823 and 1824 suffered a change, in consequence of which they became discoloured, and lost their value. An apothecary at Thoulouse assures the public that he has discovered the means of restoring their natural colour, by the addition of a small quantity of tartar.

*Smyrna.*—The French consul-general, at Smyrna, has founded an academy there, which was opened on the tenth of April. The object of this institution is to endeavour to diffuse the love of letters among a people hitherto exclusively commercial in their character.

*Honours to Literature.*—The King of Denmark has graciously bestowed the order of Dannenrode on M. Malte Brune, the celebrated geographer, whose work is now in the course of publication in England. It may be remembered that this able writer laboured under certain charges, which virtually made him a banished man from his native country. These offences have been forgiven, and the king, by an autograph letter, has told him that he will be welcome back to Denmark.

*Pretty Maids! Milk below.*—Had the famous M. Leuchs given us a receipt—to keep milk sweet, to submit it to the exhalations of the *alvi purgations*,—we should have smiled and admired the remedy: but that an “English Company” should establish a dairy for the supply of Paris “with unadulterated milk,” in the plain of Bondy, surpasses credence. It is in the plain of Bondy that all the filth of Paris is deposited, and in summer the stench, for miles around, is intolerable; and it is through this pestiferous atmosphere that “pure, unadulterated milk” is to pass for the citizens of Paris!

*The Smell.*—A French army surgeon lately communicated to the Philomathic Society of Paris the case of a soldier who had been under his care, and who preserved the faculty of distinguishing odours, although that part of the fifth pair of nerves which runs into the nasal cavities had been entirely destroyed.—Other observations, recently made by distinguished physiologists, lead to the opinion, that neither is the olfactory faculty destroyed by the complete destruction of the olfactory nerve, hitherto considered as exclusively devoted to that function. It remains to be decided in what manner the sensation of smell is perceived.

*Weevils.*—Accident has discovered to a French farmer a very simple mode of destroying weevils in corn-warehouses. Happening to lay in the corner of a granary, in which there was a large quantity of corn, some sheepskins with the fleece on, he was not a little surprised to find them, a few days after,

vered with dead weevils. He repeated the experiment several times, and always with the same success. At last he ordered his corn to be stirred up, and not a single weevil remained in it. It appears therefore, although the cause has not yet been ascertained, that greasy wool, when in the neighbourhood of weevils, attracts and destroys them.

*Denon's Cabinet.* — The sale of M. Denon's Cabinet commenced, at Paris, on the first of May, and, it is supposed, will continue until the middle of next month. It is in fact an accumulation of cabinets: few men were ever placed in circumstances more favourable for amassing treasures of this description. M. Denon's knowledge and taste were well known. It was not of pictures alone that he was fond; he was equally assiduous in his search for statues, bronzes, fragments of architecture, ancient vases and utensils, the whimsical master-pieces of old Egypt, the fantastic creations of China and the Indies, the grosser productions of art in the middle ages, &c. The facilities which he enjoyed for gratifying this variety of taste were considerable. Without speaking of his travels in Italy and the Levant, and of his residence in Egypt, he was for fifteen years the protector of the fine arts in an empire embracing the half of Europe, and the dispenser of the favours of a rich and liberal government; and he possessed the sincere attachment of artists, who were happy to have as a chief a just and generous man, and one who was capable of appreciating their merits. [So say the French journals: still, the collection, with all its merits, was a very strange one, and contained many articles altogether and only suited to French tastes.—ED.]

*Royal Ignorance.* — The kings of Spain and Portugal are generally unlearned. The nobles think, that by keeping the monarch in a state of ignorance they are best able to temper the evils of absolute power, by rendering themselves necessary. Two curious anecdotes are related on this subject of Charles II. of Spain, who was ignorant of the extent of his own monarchy, as well as of the dominions of his neighbours. In 1691, learning the taking of Mons, he pitied the emperor to whom he thought it belonged. The following year, by a similar mistake, he condoled with William III. of England on the taking of Namur, which he fancied appertaining to him as Prince of Orange.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Captain Weddell's Voyage towards the South Pole of which a second edition, with a valuable appendix, is preparing to be translated into French, under the title of *Voyage au Pôle Austral*. The same work is being translated into Spanish; as its maritime details are of extreme importance, both to the mother country and the South American provinces.

*Death's Doings*, a fearful title, is announced by Mr. Richard Dagley, author of Select Gems from the Antiquities, Takings, and other works. It consists of humourous-pathetic designs from the pencil of this ingenious artist, in which Death is acting various parts; and each design is illustrated with serious or solemn stories, in prose and verse,—a piccnic contribution by a score of well-known and popular writers.

A History of the Battle of Agincourt, from contemporary Authorities, the greater part of which have been hitherto inedit, with Biographical Notices of the principal Commanders, &c. by Nicholas Harris Nicholas, is nearly ready for publication.

This is preparing for publication, Memoirs of the Life of M. G. Lewis, esq. M.P., Author of the Monk, &c. &c. Mr. Perceval, whose "History of Italy" is before the public, has been for some time engaged in a History of France, which is designed to extend from the Foundation of the French Monarchy to the Second Restoration of the Bourbon Dynasty.

*Chatouliand*. — The complete works of this extraordinary writer are, as we have formerly mentioned, about to be published, in five and twenty volumes, divided into four distinct parts, viz.:—

*History.* (From vol. I. to vol. V.) — *Essai Historique sur les Révoltes, (unpublished in France,) 2 vols.; Vie du Due de Berry, &c. Notice Historique sur la Vendée, 1 vol.; Discours servant d'Introduction à l'Histoire de France, (unpublished,) 2 vols.*

*Travels.* (From vol. VI. to vol. XI.) — *Voyage en Amérique, et Mémoires d'Histoire Naturelle, (unpublished,) 1 vol.; Voyage en France et en Italie, (unpublished,) 1 vol.; Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem, 3 vols.*

*Literature.* (From vol. XI. to XXI.) — *Génie du Christianisme, 5 vols.; Atala, Rêve, les Aventures du dernier Abencérage, (this last work is unpublished,) 1 vol.; Les Martyrs, 2 vols.; Les Natchez, (unpublished,) 2 vols.; Mélanges Littéraires, (collected for the first time,) 1 vol.; Motte, Tragedie, Poésie et Littérature, (unpublished,) 1 vol.*

*Politics.* (From vol. XXII. to vol. XXXV.) — *Opinions et Discours aux Chambres, 1 vol.; Réflexions Politiques, &c., 1 vol.; La Monarchie selon la Charte, 1 vol.*

C. of Manchester is rather below the mark. Hobson will publish next week.

The initial A. in *Le Cœur* ought to have been subscribed to the lines on the Loss of the Letters in our No. 490.—

We shall be glad to hear farther from the writer.

The Ode to Sleep has produced its effect upon us. We cannot admire G. D. R. sufficiently to assign a place to that signature in the L. G.

We are sorry we cannot gratify M.—y, nor B., X &c., we believe, retained for occasion, if possible. Thanks to him.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

##### Connected with Literature and the Arts.

*Clos of the Suffolk Street Exhibition.* **THE THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION** of the SOCIETY of BRITISH ARTISTS will close on Saturday next, the 8th of July. **T. C. HOPFALL**, Secretary.

*Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.* — The Galleries to be let, together or separately, from the 15th of July next, to the end of February 1827. For particulars, apply to the Secretary, 22, Newman Street, or to Mr. Lakes, 68, New Bond Street.

*British Institution, Pall Mall.* — **HIS MAJESTY**, with that liberality and condescending kindness which he has always afforded the Objects of the BRITISH INSTITUTION, having placed at the disposal of the Directors, for the purpose of the Immediate Exhibition, his private Collection of Pictures, from Carlton House Palace, the Gallery is Open daily, from Ten in the Morning, until Six in the Evening.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s. **WILLIAM BARNARD**, Keeper.

**THE MONTHLY REVIEW** for July.

**Contents.** — 1. Spence's Inquiry into the Origin of the Law and Political Institutions of Modern Europe.—2. The Life and Correspondence of Major Cartwright.—3. M'Donnell's Inquiry into the Expediency of the present Corn Laws, and the general System of Protection.—4. A Voyage up the Mediterranean.—5. The Contest of the Two Great Powers of Europe.—6. Macaulay's Posthumous Works.—7. The Life and Times of Patrick Nelly.—8. Willmott's Tour in Jamaica.—9. The Princess Lamballe's Secret Memoirs of the Court of France during the Revolution—together with Notices of several other Works.

Published by Charles Knight, 12, Pall Mall East.

This day is published,

**BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE**, No. CXIV. for July 1827.

**Contents.** — I. Hine for the Holidays, No. I.—II. The Owl—III. Letter from London—IV. Reminiscences, No. 2; Richard Sheridan &c.—V. Acted Characters, Nos. 4, 5, and 6.—VI. The Royal Wedding—VII. Tales of the Wedding—VIII. Wedding Over-Ground—IX. The Inquisition of the Duke of Alba—of some of its more illustrious Victims—X. Notes Ambrosianæ, No. 27—X. Monthly List of New Publications—XI. Advertisements—Promotions, &c.—XII. Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

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Contents of No. I.—Paper read before Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool, on securing to the middle and higher classes a proper Secondary Education—Remarks by Editor—Opinion of Edinburgh Review—Review of Burroughs' Essays in Drawing—Thoughts on Advancement of Academic Education, &c.

*Sommer Extractions, &c. &c.* This day is published, in a thick 16mo. vol. Illustrated by 84 Views and Maps, price 10s. bound, a new Edition, including the Scotch Watering Places, of

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